

THE COUNTRY LYCEUM :

OR, NATURAL AND NECESSARY DISTINCTIONS IN COMPACT SOCIETY.

[By a Rationalist.]

CHAPTER I.

Notwithstanding the reputation in literary capacity, enjoyed at the present day, throughout every grade of society in the United States, it is but a few years since this was very far from a general fact. On the contrary, in the interior, especially in the southern and western parts, the majority, even of free white people, in those districts, were barely able to read and write ; and even in New England—that land of schools—these primary arts, with the addition of arithmetic, constituted the entire exercises of the schools. But the pioneers in all newly-sought countries, it is well known, are ignorant and vicious beyond mediocrity ; being refugees from justice, or from the ever-grinding arm of pinching poverty, the fathers of whom, by their utmost exertions, were but able to make the two ends of the year meet, without either encroaching upon the indispensable privileges of the other. Of course, among these, much book-learning was not to be thought of. Ability to ‘read the bible, after a sort,’ was, in truth, the extent of literary capability, in most country people, previous to the revolution, even in New England. At that period the wife of the more opulent farmer rose at dawn of day, in rustic content, and after preparing the cellared cream and milk for the cheese, proceeded in bonnet of blue, to milk her half dozen cows, and to make ready the milk with good brown bread, (well kneaded by her own strong arm,) that generated no dyspepsias or consumptions—for the breakfast for herself, her husband and children, together with the equally sturdy, equally wise, intelligent, and equally regarded *hired* man, whom the severe labor demanded by that stub-

born, arid soil, compelled them to employ, for the indispensable purpose of elevating, *viet armis*, the huge rocks of the meadow into walls, for their enclosure, and with whom wrought the farmer, participating in equal hardship, through equal length of time ; to which was superadded the over-work of ' assisting the wife in doing the *chores* about house,' such as feeding pigs and calves, and penning sheep and geese, and the like. But these little affairs were matters of peace and tenderness to the weaker vessel, and of course beneath the concern of the hired man, until his turn arrived to take a wife of his own ; which time, if the number of the farmer's cows and sheep would warrant the hire of a maid at thirty-three cents per week to ' assist in the dairy and in working up the wool and flax '—would most probably come round by the ensuing spring—or, at farthest, the next after ; so true and unfailing is the maxim that ' juxtaposition brings into captivity more hearts than were ever wounded by all the other arrows in cupid's quiver.'

The wife being thus commodiously secured, the next point of interest was the obtaining oxen and cart, to take her, with all appurtenances, over the mountains to independent *Varmount*, ' or *away* beyond the Hudson ;' or, if brave, daring, and enduring to the very utmost courage of the hardy enterprising sons of Yankee land, ' clean *away* to the far off Genessee, or Susquehannah country,'—never, alas ! to return again to their loved native *grounds*. Oh, how the recital of these daring adventures, among bears and Indians, used to make my blood curdle in my infantile years !

In such wild wooded regions, squatting among Indians, compelled to sustain themselves by hunting, fishing, and trapping, and naturally and necessarily acquiring complacency in the same—where the face of Christian-bred man was a sight, and the sound of the church-going bell never heard—what wonder if the little stock of lettered lore is soon lost ! Even the poor, worn, mouse-gnawed testament lies neglected upon the topmost shelf of the little cupboard ; and having no primer, from which to initiate the children into the mystic elements, it scarce occurs to them to attempt instructing *them* in reading,—an accomplishment that, indeed, they say, is of no *use* to people ' in their situation.' Thus is it seen how readily, partially enlightened man, reverts to a state of barbarism, whenever the requi-

site stimulants are withheld, and his time occupied in the supply of physical demands. Hence may be perceived a natural cause why the world of mankind are found so soon after the general deluge in an apparently savage state. Such would be the natural tendency of things, even though their previous state had been liberally enlightened.

Such being the early character of our new settlements, in days but recently gone by, many years must be expected to pass, and greatly increased facilities for life as well as information be enjoyed, before literature, even of the most common order, could become general in *interior* situations. Yet, since trade has stretched his golden girdle round the globe, embracing in its fold the many-beaded, belted monarch of the wilds, and led him captive at will, or hunted him from his coverts of snows and mountains—how rapidly has the ever-craving, restless *white* man converted his fish-pools, and his bark-thatched tents into rolling waterfalls and thundering mill-wheels; changing his dark, gloomy, viewless forests into fruitful orchards and splendid palaces, that might rival those of the genii of Sinbad and Aladdin.

In one of these villages that spring up in the forest, as by enchantment, it was my lot, some few years since, to have my residence. Not now peopled by the hunters of the wild buck, or anglers for the old sturdy pout—but deer annihilated, and fish-ponds gone to feed canals; it was filled with wealthy planters, cunning craftsmen, peddling merchants, of all degrees, in all articles; by physicians from all colleges, and divines of every faith, from no college at all; men, taught by the *spirit*, and sent by the spirit to teach to us in the new settlements, that, which they themselves assure can be taught *only* by the spirit.

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At the time of my settlement in the village, the inhabitants were inartificial dispensers of true country hospitality, sweetened with neighborly, *social* feeling, and with all those friendly impulses of the heart, which move in all good minds a corresponding sympathy, and are welcomed as a cordial substitute for the refinement of manners and taste to be expected in populous cities. Schools of a good order were at this time being instituted, and a church had recently been erected, in which preachers of various denominations of Christianity, who came to us successively, preached to the same au-

dience, that is, to all the people in the place. Indeed, wealth through all the country now began to display itself in the erection of manufactories, and rearing up seminaries of learning, and temples for divine worship. But the potent enchantress—fashion—had not yet extended her all-transforming wand over us. All things as yet moved round as if in one community of interest, in quiet undisturbed rotation. No person or thing attempted to impede the progress of another, or to anticipate his aim. Did one person encounter another, after a cordial grasp of the hand and social salute he left him and went on, nothing fearing, nothing doubting—none being incommoded or alarmed.

All the people, as I said, collected at the same church, to make joint acknowledgment to the one Author of all mercies. After service, any one might make a friendly call on any neighbor, and be certain of a kindly reception: their children in harmony attended the same academy, and practised calistheics at the same dancing-school; their youth, one and all, attended the same ball, and tripped it together on the light fantastic toe, with hearts as light and minds as free. But, alas! in the midst of this happy tranquillity, uprose a pair of envious demons—the potent prince of fashion—and the wrinkled and hooded Caliban, party spirit, that has as many aliases as he has armies to lead to battle! Immediately on their emersion, their magic wands being whirled around, all fell down and worshipped; at the same instant, certain fairy rings, or mystic ‘circles’ appeared at once enchanting every eye. Under the fascination of the potent spell, each suddenly shook off his neighbor, rudely thrusting aside the next he might encounter, passing onward for the attainment of the innermost of these glittering circles, the sole value of which appeared to consist in the difficulty of attainment, from their narrowness admitting but *few*. For, no sooner had these magicians cast their spells, than the milk of human kindness was changed to bitter bile; the whole system became envenomed, and in the temple of the affections, where, hitherto, a desire of approbation had been the least social guest, there now appeared a triune deity—envy, hatred, and malice.

And now, behold, each hand, once so cordial, grasped a *cutting* tool, not absolutely an Indian falchion, or a butcher’s cleaver—these are straight-formed implements, against which one may guard; but this fashionable dirk of the would-be *bon ton*, is an insidious thing that one never knows where to look for, or how

to evade. Yet, had we one celestial monitor, that occasionally visits mortal man, whose power, we trusted, would counteract the witching spells of Circe's machinations; but, alas! we grieve to say that through the aid of the Caliban of party, even she became entangled in her wide spread snares. This heavenly messenger is divine religion. That *all* should be dazzled or hoodwinked by these Pythonic arts, credulity could never admit, and argument reduce to a syllogism, if daily observation set faith and reason at defiance. At least, with us, if religion herself were not so environed, many well-dressed actors, 'that filled religion's empty place,' were found in her snares, where each one, dressing out her idol, set it up in the circle into which she had thrust herself; and then she had but to argue in a circle, to prove the idol the legitimate object of worship,—thus: 'This is the true orthodox circle of fashion, therefore this religion is orthodox.'

Again—'This is the religion of the most fashionable people, who, of course, are persons of information, and must be better judges of truth than you ignorant country people, *therefore* it must be the true religion! What conclusion more logical! Happy is it, that God seeth not as man seeth. Oh how intricate and tedious is the journey over enchanted grounds! We must beg for 'great grace, and the strong staff of self-denial,' to hold on our way; though, perhaps, it may be safest to exert manly vigor, and burst at once over the hedge, and bring our little village again into unmistified view.

At this period of mania transmigration, or eager endeavor to leap at once from the distaff and the plough to the zenith of supposed fashion, when each popular sectarian declaimer, as well as the wife of each successful planter, or crafty pedlar, who had realized a greater return of cash or credit than his neighbor, attempted upon such respectability to *exclude* the wives and daughters of lesser dealers from the *circle* of her selected associates, and when an excited fermentation about religious orthodoxy had become agitated by an extreme proselyting zeal—not according to knowledge, but exactly in accordance with the *ignorance* of the parties; and each had set up insidious spies upon the other, instead of watching each over his own heart, to collect proof from the life of the infidelity of their faith—all the genuine, fellow feeling and mutual respect and confidence seemed annihilated. Every one feared freely and truly to express his thoughts,

even to those of his own peculiar faith and party, lest his words, being reported, might come to the ears of some opposing sect, with which it was the aim of all to seem especially catholic or tolerant. We willingly impute much of this spirit of party jealousy to the newly-excited ambition for appearing more fashionable and genteel, imagining that gentility consisted in exclusiveness—the two principles happening, by mere chance, to be simultaneously stimulated,—yet much of it was evidently the immediate and direct effect of the eagerness for making proselytes—very remote from that precept which saith ‘ye are all one in Christ Jesus.’

Still, in the very heat of this universal epidemic, there remained two unambitious, unaspiring, widowed women, (I wonder if genuine meekness and disinterestedness are always feminine.) a Mrs. Local, an instructress in the fine arts of music and drawing, and Mrs. Rambler, of no arts, unless the exercise of plain, useful, work-day sense is a fine art. She was one of those ‘good creatures’ with whom every one would be upon good terms, and very glad to see, provided no fashionables are by. These two ladies agreed in this, that folly had mounted herself upon very ludicrous and inconvenient stilts, and cut a most burlesque figure ; and, having held counsel together, set themselves to devise a remedy, and try if some of their would-be *exclusives* might not be lured back to their wonted generous sympathy and good feeling. With this intent, they attempted a concentrating power of *attraction*, by inviting persons of most pretension to lettered information, to meet at the house of Mrs. Local, for an evening conversation upon the varied literature of the day, and the comparative advances making at this period by different nations. Lofty subjects : the proposal sounded well. The invitation was very generally accepted. The first meeting, besides embracing many females, matrons, maidens and lasses, included two clerical men, and ten or twelve students in law and medicine ; and in which meeting, besides glancing now and then at the several subjects proposed, several conversations arose upon the happy tendency of such meetings to awaken the attention, enliven society, and stimulate thought, &c.

Mr. R., the baptist clergyman, highly approved the meeting, and spoke of it as in perfect accordance with a long-cherished scheme of his own, for bringing about weekly meetings for mental and moral improvement.

Dr. W., a young physician, replied that 'he, also, had been endeavoring to collect the young people for a similar end, when he proposed the introduction of remarks upon the sciences of nature, particularly chemistry.'

All these remarks were approved and seconded by attorney M., who, besides his legal pretensions and civil avocations, had paid some little attention to horticulture. Thus all seemed to experience new pleasure in being together, and in *agreeing* together; and time swam smoothly along, as in the little boat of love, wafted by the mild zephyrous breeze of self-complacency, unruffled by the surges of envy or malignity. All were gratified and delighted. The chief source of which satisfaction, though the subjects knew it not, was the novel emotion of returning good will and fellow feeling, in the members of the different churches, and different exclusive circles, who had so long been cutting at each other.

Mrs. Local and Mrs. Rambler received the thanks, compliments and congratulations of the company. The meeting closed; all agreeing to meet again at the house of Mrs. Rambler, returned to their homes, self-satisfied and happy in each other. True '*self-love* and social,' in their operations, must be essentially the same.

As I walked home with Mrs. Rambler, whom I had understood to be the primary mover of the association, expressing my own pleasure in their benevolent scheme, and the good promise afforded by captivating so surprisingly the feelings of our neighbors; conceiving thence, that its effects must be permanently good and pleasant. 'Oh, that they might,' she replied; 'but what a blighting curse is human vanity! destroying even its *own* offspring! I pray you, sir, not to endeavor to excite mine, by hyperbolic encomium of a matter so little in itself; yet her reign must here be short, for already I can espy the worm at the root that shall very briefly reduce this night-blooming oasis to a loathsome, putrid mass.'

'How can you draw inferences so hopeless, from so fair a beginning?' I asked.

'Because the seeds of discord were scattered this very evening. The suggestions of Dr. W., concerning the importance of certain *natural* sciences, are but the preface to the introduction, by himself, of wordy lectures, in high technicals, on

chemistry, in which he flatters himself with the prospect of astonishing the audience with his elegant extracts—not genuine extracts ‘of roots and *yerbs*, and *sich* like plunder,’ as good nurse Phillis would do, but of beautiful extracts from profound researches into the science, in magic, mystical, oracular terms, unintelligible to the hearers, and therefore promising admiration of his erudition. This formality, alone, would be chilling, where the life of the thing depends upon the freedom of reciprocal intercourse of thoughts and feelings; and the jealousy of competition—those canker worms it was the primary object of the meetings to destroy,—resulting from this course will do much more. If these zealous ones get the management of the meetings into their hands, as is evidently their intention, their death is fore-doomed—there is no remedy.’

Agreeably to arrangement, we met again at the house of Mrs. R., when, by request, she read us an essay upon the general characteristics of the present day, observing that all people had become readers, and not a few *writers*. Then referring back to a state of barbarism, ran hastily over the usual progress of man from a savage state of native ignorance, through ages of barbarous obscurity, to the gradually opening light of arts and science and experimental knowledge,—showing that man makes no proficiency in any of these things, but as *impelled* by inevitable *necessity*. But arriving, at length, at the perception of the happiness and utility of close social intercourse, with its kindly influence upon the mental faculties, and the more tender affections and emotions of the heart; closing with the hope that *we* might experience the pleasing effects of these influences by a readiness to meet together—each one being willing to contribute his mite, and meekly to receive in return his modicum of various donatives. ‘Combinations of persons,’ it has been said, ‘gain at least as much in wisdom as in power by the union; but do they not much more? is not the one in arithmetical, and the other in a geometric ratio? Or, may not the advantage be more accurately calculated by rules of permutation; *multiplying* each of our attainments by those of all the others? These are the natural fruits of *social* life, while the *solitary* savage remains as *nature* made him.

Lawyer M. complimented the reader upon the justness of thought, conciseness and perspicuity of expression, and the

like, yet could not but suggest that some of the positions might, perhaps, be reasonably debated, particularly, as laying too great stress upon social intercourse, tending to detract from the merit of those who, with vast patience of research, attempted the evolving of the hidden treasures of science.

‘Heaven forbid,’ she replied with fervor, ‘that we should rob the truly learned of one iota of the tribute of merit due to their arduous labor. I never turn over a page of those profound researches but I bow in spontaneous gratitude to their infinitely superior patience, skill, labor of investigation, in extracting stubborn roots of error and planting prolific seeds, the gathering of the fruits of which falls to our easy, happy lot.’

The lawyer would willingly have debated this, also, as rendering the glory of discoveries too exclusively to *early* discoverers, in contradistinction with the great and varied discoveries made in our *own* time, &c. All which objections, it appeared, amounted, in fact, to this, that *he*, ‘the said attorney,’ had raised a *vine* that actually brought forth grapes! while the attempts of some of his neighbors had failed. So it falls out, that man’s complacency in his little *self*-achievements contracting his *thoughts* to individual points, prevents his profiting by a thousand opportunities that occur, for enlarging his mind, by seizing upon the extended views which pass unheeded before him. Oh *vanity*! Thou art a weak little creature, yet a great murderer.

But our young physician, unable to endure the complacency of his competitor for fame, in his eagerness to come forward, cut short the objections, by urging again the primary importance of the sciences of nature, and the great discoveries made by chemical experiments; into which ‘divine science’ he had himself but recently *peeped*; but finding all its wonders novel, surprising and entertaining, very naturally imagined its developments would be equally interesting to others; and that—as nature’s grand evolver—much of the admiration would revert to himself.

But he, in turn, was destined to suffer the chagrin of having half the fine things, he proposed saying, cut off by the anxious interference of the pious divine, lest in our adoration of *nature* we be found guilty of the heinous offence of forgetting the glorious *Author* of all, ‘nor read in nature nature’s God.’

By this time it was discovered to be getting late, and expe-

dient to dissolve, though many, extremely desirous to exhibit their own views, had not been gratified ; and none had brought out half what they intended, had time permitted. Yet, previous to separation, it was proposed by some of the would-be spouters, that, for the sake of regularity and despatch, we should form ourselves into a regular systematic *society*, as was customary *elsewhere*, each paying a specified sum for membership, for defraying the expense of a hall, lights, fire, and other appurtenances—the members being declared too numerous to find accommodation in a private parlor. The vote being put and carried, a committee of arrangements was appointed, and the village fixed as the place of the next meeting. All these arrangements were made by *gentlemen*, for the disposition of *invited* guests, in a lady's own house, without consulting *her* or any other lady concerning their choice. Females, it seems, not being *sufferagers*—however subordinate, are not to be considered as qualified *voters*, even in the disposition of themselves. Thus we again separated ; generally, well disposed to sink our high notions of exclusiveness in the gratification of a mutual interchange of courtesy and reciprocal good feeling.

(*Concluded in our next.*)

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CHAPTER II.*

I lingered a little after the company retired, to hear the comments of the two ladies, after the resignation of this bantling, as Mrs. Local termed it, to its nursing *fathers*.

‘I think our little scheme succeeds, thus far, quite beyond my anticipation,’ remarked Mrs. Local.

‘And I would cheerfully say amen, with all my heart,’ responded Mrs. Rambler, ‘but I cannot do it in *faith*, nothing doubting.’

‘Why not?’ inquired the other. ‘All whom I hear speak of it seem pleased with the plan, though I confess but few appear to understand what is suited to our circumstances and attainments.’

‘And still fewer *care* what is *good* for us,’ said Mrs. Rambler. ‘The display of *self*—the primary gorgon we wished to destroy—is every where the motive power for promoting the association.’

‘Yet you do not despair that it will, nevertheless, move on’—I observed.

‘That, sir, is as the case may be,’ said she. ‘The axe is laid at the root, or if you prefer, the beetle at the fulcrum—or Sampson, with his giant arm and eyeless head, has got his hands upon the pillars.’

‘You give me choice of metaphors,’ I replied; ‘but what is your literal apprehension?’

‘In the first place,’ she replied, ‘it has caused a sensation altogether beyond its native influence, and has been the general

* Concluded from page 582.

topic of conversation for these two weeks; and I confess, when I listen to the comments made by young persons, upon the propositions here agitated, I greatly regret that they should lose a source of information so well adapted to their capacities. But prematurity is not its more fatal symptom, though, perhaps, the generator of the others; since these young men, fancying the thing is to be popular and make a noise, wish to have it christened with a goodly name, and to be themselves made its sponsors. 'They are shocked that women should be found so far out of *'their sphere,'* as the bringing forth such a literary monster must imply. Equally shocking is it to their sense of delicacy that ladies should presume to speak in presence of men, upon subjects so learned and consequently so masculine, even in their own parlors. It proceeds from these apprehensions, and not from the narrowness of our rooms, that they contrived to get the meetings transferred to the common hall; where, by making it a matter of form to rise and address the chairman for leave to speak, &c., they intend precluding the possibility of females attempting it. They will succeed, and then adopt declamatory speeches, which will drive every lady from the hall. In six weeks this precocious child will be in its dotage. And those wise men, last week so ready to adopt it, with great self-complacency will depose that they "*foresaw* the same from the beginning." We are not prepared for such things; they may do well enough in cities and old places; we are too *new*! We have hardly begun to learn.'

'You are too young to grow older, and too new to become stale, which,' I replied, 'is a truly deplorable state.'

'I have chastised myself, my dear sir, to submission, if not to meek resignation. It was a hopeful child; alas, that it should so prematurely perish.'

'Dear Mrs. R.,' said Mrs. Local, 'you must not despair, nor remit exertion: you know that but for you it could not have been, if you forsake it, it cannot continue.'

'I know that it *will* not continue,' answered the other, 'yet it shall not perish through any remissness of mine; but we shall see if after being girdled with so many formalities, how long it can inspire life, and whether even Mrs. Wolstoncraft, herself, would possess the confidence to stand forth in its defence. Be assured that the frigid, fiery, and formal debates of these speech-

spouting students will disperse their audience, themselves being left to cut at each other without caution or care.'

The succeeding meeting, however, was duly announced 'at the hall;' a *salutatory* address to be delivered by O. M., Esq., upon the nature, use and conduct of Lyceums, to be succeeded by a debate between Dr. W. and Mr. P., a young Law student, upon the expediency or utility of giving to females a classical or learned education.'

The hall was filled. The ladies listened for the first five minutes to the origin of Lyceums;—the specific import of the term, &c. &c., when it 'seemed to be just like a sermon!' of course, uninteresting. Comments of this character were whispered over, to the end of that act. Then up rose the gladiators, the chairman having sounded forth 'the *highly* interesting question concerning the fit education and proper sphere of woman.' A *question* termed, though not stated by any definite form or limits. The advocate for the exaltation of the fair commenced, as in duty bound, by high encomiums upon the surprising talents of females, considering the cruelly narrow limits to which their education had been confined! loudly lamenting the sad wrong woman had ever received at the hand of heartless man! simply, as it seemed, on account of a more delicate physical organization; as if he rated that half divine creature—that finest work of God, by the same standard as an horse, or an ox! Three cheers! general laugh as a chorus.

His opponent then rising with the most profound bow to the ladies, that biped standing admitted, commenced,—

'God forbid that *I* for a moment, even for argument's sake, should call in question the sweet, the angelic powers of the finest, fairest work of creation! No, who, that has a heart to feel, could a moment stoop to such savage brutality! No, the only question at issue is for *what intent* has nature so bountifully endowed woman with these divine attributes, and by what description of culture they may bring forth their richest harvest of fruits? I had almost said that she is, as she came from the hands of her Maker, too perfect to admit of human culture! A sweetly soothing, tranquillizing charmer! sent into this wilderness, to wretched man to bind up his broken heart, to dissipate his gloomy sorrows, and restore sweet tranquillity after seasons of harassing labors, over-wrought by anxious cares, and dis-

tracting solicitude, and soul-oppressing *thought* ! It vastly concerns us to cherish, above all things, these kind and tender sympathies by all possible accessories in our power. Will this all-soothing gentleness be augmented by manly vigor of intellect ? Will the bringing her into the battle-field of knotty syllogisms or wordy gladiators promote this happy destined end of her existence ? If it will, I also must give my voice in favor of the decision of my able opponent. But until that can be made to appear I must beg to *doubt*.'

After this manner the combatants puffed steamed speeches at each other, without fixing a single point of argument, or distinctly marking any desirable acquirement for the female character, until the ladies, growing weary with being puffed where no compliment admitted appropriation by any individual, began to withdraw.

The reports of committees proclaimed the proposed regulations for future meetings, and got them voted into statutes. Thus the third meeting closed, and the zeal of many had subsided ; the novelty was no more ; yet the next meeting was well attended, though many began to murmur that Dr. W. and his opposers and adherents afforded no one else opportunity for speech. Regulations were voted for rectifying the abuse of privilege ; yet zeal, often outrunning decorum, set rules at defiance, violations of which induced remonstrance, and retort, &c. &c. Our clergymen found that they were wasting precious time, and the good house-wives could find nothing interesting to them. Mrs. R. went a journey for a few weeks, and before her return the Lyceum had expired. And the persons who in its glory would have claimed its parentage, now discovered that they had foreseen its fate from the beginning.

The potent charm of exclusiveness was, however, essentially marred and weakened. The defunct Lyceum afforded matter for conversation for several social parties ; but vanity had entrenched herself in fastnesses too powerful to be at once broken.

No one, it is presumed, will refer any of these remarks to the natural and necessary distinctions in society that inevitably arise from the nature of circumstances in all large cities, where men closely congregate ; and where extensive operations in manufactories, arts, science and commerce, producing great va-

rieties in talents, tastes and pursuits, and where, of course, every degree of progress in human attainments is formed. In such situations people are *naturally attracted* to each other by identity of thought and feeling; in perfect accordance with the homely adage that 'birds of a feather flock together.' Men of wealth are or may be men of leisure; in goodly proportion they are persons of education or refined classic taste. Upon these principles of *attraction* associations are formed, and by these powers they adhere, not resting on any repulsive power, or *exclusiveness*. In these circumstances are no counteracting forces to sunder the union. Some score of people may thus collect at a dinner table, and continue the feast of reason, rhyme or ragout to whatever hour the spirit moves, and nothing is interrupted in its course.

But suppose a number of active business men to be mingled here, whose several avocations have each its allotted hour of recurrence, and the dinner, by vote of company, or some other incident is postponed some hours, what is such man to do? If politeness, pride, or appetite, compel his stay, is he not necessarily miserable by the apprehension of disappointment to some valued patron, or important agent, or profitable customer, and not unlikely delay may derange a dozen regularly returning successive engagements—a ship may sail, which should carry out important orders, &c. &c. A man so situated is manifestly no fit companion for a club of men of leisure.

But men of business having their hours divided into active, sedative and holy day time, naturally coalesce; tradesmen, mechanics and other laborers, whose time admits like divisions, and whose occupations beget like tastes, are subject to like influences; they are *drawn* together by *common* principles. All this is natural and expedient—in this there is no *exclusion*.

Men of letters, possessing more leisure than wealth, and whom extended knowledge renders fit associates for men of various tastes, are properly enough by specific attraction, drawn into association with the wealthy; yet is the combination rather a commingling than coalescence. High fashion is sustained only by large pecuniary supplies, and there must be an incongruity in associations that cannot assimilate in externals as well as taste. Such are *circular* divisions, not perfect *circles*. And whenever the unreflecting children of vanity attempt to circumscribe

themselves by artificial lines of distinction, where no specific difference exists, they act upon principles of *repulsion*, which, not existing in nature, can only be maintained upon the system of *cutting*, which in a dispersed population inevitably cuts off *all* society.

How the distinction of genteel is to be made out, or made intelligible, or to be maintained between a man selling cloth by the single bale, and one selling by the single piece, appears to the logician no easy task—if the *time* of both is engrossed in business, and the mind absorbed in cares.

If there be, in our country, any distinction of gentility separate from refinement of taste, it seems that it must consist in that degree of independence, and disengagement of business affairs which gives one the command of his time. Wealth, being power, may, perhaps, properly dub a man *gentleman*; but a man whose whole time and heart are necessarily and very suitably occupied in attention to his imperative indispensable concerns, can never be an habitually congenial associate for men of *general* information, of leisure, ease, amusement and taste.

But all the ambitious, aspiring attempts of the industrious, drudging *citizen* to creep *up* into a niche he is wholly unqualified to fill, among persons of elevated sentiment, and the numerous sacrifices of ease, comfort and quiet, sink into equality, when compared with the vain attempts of village matrons and maidens to ape what they imagine to be the *fashions* of city gentility; attempting, by cutting exclusiveness, to establish a circle more genteel than the rest, where no distinct difference actually exists. The ridiculousness of the thing is peculiarly forcible in a village where the whole population, of every sex, age, occupation and profession does not *number* sufficient for a *fashionable* party! Where one is unable to collect a party both numerous and '*select*,' as well as exclusive, it cannot be counted genteel.

We would have all people, who are anxious to *appear* what they are not, think upon the observation made by Lord Chesterfield, upon driving some miles out of his way, in a journey, to call upon an author of some celebrity, who had rendered himself independent by his literary labors, and, accordingly, put on the gentleman. 'He spent the whole time I was with him,' says he, 'in talking of his *family*! his *wines*, &c. a *foul*-

ish fellow, I had no *patience* with his vanity : did he think that I would have driven out of my way to call upon *gent'emen* ?'

This anecdote is an illustration of the mistaken policy as well as absurdity of affectation in all its operations ; which, Dr. Johnson says, ' though she has the laudable desire to please, is sure to fail, because the ass's ears will contrive somewhere to peep out from under the lion skin drawn over.'

A young lady, daughter of a country farmer, having returned home from a six month's finishing of education at a fashionable boarding-school, finds 'every thing in the house so clumsy, rusty, and *old-fashioned*, that she cannot endure the sight. She feels really scandalized by the manners of the house and all within it. She cannot possibly invite, as she longs to do, one of the young ladies from the metropolis with whom she became so intimate at school, to spend any time with her, not until, at least, the *drawing-room*,' (that is, a small, plain, snug parlor) 'and one chamber can be made *decent* by being completely fitted up with furniture equally elegant with that they have in the city.'

But having at length wrought up the vanity of the mother, and the mother wrought upon the patience of the father till he can no longer resist, and the two indispensable apartments, being completely re-organized, and Miss La Roche—to save the expense of a month's board—condescends to waste a summer month with her, then commences her system of *lady* operations. She *must* endeavor to find company sufficiently respectable to invite to call upon Miss La Roche. As to their neighbors, they are not to be thought of, 'it would be mortifying beyond degree to return a call and find nothing to sit upon but plain, old-fashioned windsor chairs ! and for the world she would not have Miss La Roche suppose that *she* was herself in habits of intimacy with such *common* vulgar people !

Thus are all her former associates cut at a single stroke ; except, perhaps, one or two young ladies, who having also enjoyed the elevation of this super-finishing of education, must be recognised, and certain young gentlemen, members of college. These half dozen, collected from as many villages, constitute the élève at *Almack's* in the little village of C., with perhaps now and then the admission of some untaught daughter of a wealthy old farmer, who has had the polishing of a month in town, while her father was member of the legislature.

While the common-sense country youth, of diligent habits and decent manners, with whom Miss L. was bred, and for whose society alone she is fitted, all their tastes, manners and habits, being formed by the circumstances and associates among which they grew up, finding themselves excluded, are not wanting in various devices to counteract and disturb the felicity of this imaginary 'respectable circle,' by fomenting jealousies, scandal and discord of every description.

At length Miss L., wearied with her dignified solitude, makes a visit to town, though Miss La Roche appears to have forgotten her. She, however, succeeds in finding her out; Miss La Roche does not immediately recognise her. But at length, finding her out, is 'vastly ashamed to have forgotten her; but one makes so *many* acquaintances at school that are never thought of afterwards; yet she did not think to forget Miss L. ! *where* does she *lodge* ? will certainly do herself the pleasure to *call* upon her.'

After a week she calls at the hotel, when certain Miss L. will be out, leaves a splendid card; Miss L. returns this call. 'When do you leave the city?' Miss La Roche inquires. Is really very sorry that she cannot make a longer stay; and exceedingly regrets that her parents being out of town, and herself boarding out, she is compelled to deny herself the gratification of having her more with herself, but will certainly do herself the pleasure of calling to take a walk with her, and show her some of the lions, &c. &c.

Miss L., before she leaves town, calls to bid her dear friend farewell. Miss La Roche, the servant says, is not at home, though Miss L. discovers her peeping through the window shutter as she leaves the house. Thus closes the eternal friendship of the boarding-school.

Miss L. finding *respectable* associates but rather *unsocial*, endeavors to attract back her former companions: not well succeeding, she flits from village to village in pursuit of her select few, who all seem to have turned their attention to other objects; and it is soon discovered that Miss L. has been a long while upon the stage of observation, and must be bordering upon the territory of old maids! So she, poor thing, is constrained to return to her humble employments, in the place where she might, by affability and discreet management, have

engaged the heart and hand of some suitable youth, and presided at a table surrounded by some half dozen laborers and as many chubby, curly-headed children. The most enviable situation in which country people *can* be placed.

Permanent aristocracy in this land can never exist, or at least cannot remain in particular families. As wealth shifts hands through enterprise and speculation, so will the influence which accompanies wealth. Talents and learning are also wielding a vast influence—and these, so far as they can be perfected by wealth, will follow the change of property ; but the gift of genius is from God, and usually bestowed in a manner to mock all human calculation. He thus institutes an aristocracy commissioned to elevate the world of mankind, and their patent of nobility is beyond human power to revoke or imitate.

THE COUSIN'S PROTEGÉE.

A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

"HARRY, Harry," exclaimed a young girl to her companion, as they were sauntering down Broadway one fine spring afternoon, "save, oh, save her!" pointing at the same moment to a child who was crossing the street, unconscious that a horse which had become disengaged from a wagon, was running furiously toward her. Harry sprang forward, but he was too late. The child fell, and the animal passed over her. He raised her in his arms and carried her insensible into a shop near by. The usual restoratives were applied and she soon revived. On first unclosing her eyes she was bewildered, and after anxiously glancing around as though in search of some dear, familiar face, she dropped her head on her preserver's shoulder and burst into tears.

Having ascertained the street and number of her mother's residence, Harry Alnwood procured a carriage, and entering it with his cousin, proceeded immediately to the house. A delicate and interesting woman about thirty years of age, met them at the door.

"My child, my Lucy," she screamed as they bore the little girl into the house, "oh, God! is she killed?"

"No, my dear madam," said Caroline Alnwood, taking her hand, "be calm, I entreat you. She is frightened and some hurt, but not seriously, we trust."

Harry placed Lucy in her mother's arms.

"I am not much hurt, dear mother," she said; "I shall be well to-morrow. Don't cry so, I am sure I shall be well."

Caroline remained with the mother while Harry ran for a physician. On his arrival he pronounced the injury to be of a trifling nature; but advised rest and quiet for a few days. Harry and his cousin then took their leave, promising to call on the following day.

The next morning they made an early visit and found little Lucy sitting in a large arm chair engaged with her books. She was a lovely child about ten years of age. Fair and delicate in her appearance, with intelligence and affection beaming in her countenance, "none saw her but to love her." The whole expression of her features was so pure, so innocent, that as you gazed upon them you could almost fancy her a being of a holier world than ours.

She smiled with pleasure as she saw our two young friends, and the pale mother smiled too,

when she saw the kindness manifested by them toward her darling. Gradually, they drew from her a sketch of her sad history. She had married in opposition to the wishes of her friends, and a few years saw her a widow with a young babe. For long and weary years she had toiled day and night to preserve herself and child from want, but her health was now fast failing her, and she felt that her child would soon be alone in a cold and selfish world.

"I cannot," she added in conclusion, "I cannot bear that my Lucy should be dependent on those, who have despised my kind, true-hearted husband. Oh! I pray that I may be spared until she is able, by her own efforts, to procure a comfortable subsistence."

After a few kind words, Harry and his cousin left the house. They walked some distance in silence. At length Harry said,

"Cousin, why do you not adopt that little girl? I have often heard you say you would like a protégée. Where can you find a lovelier one than Lucy? I will willingly defray all the expenses if you will take that sad mother and her beautiful child under your protection."

"You have anticipated me, Harry," replied Caroline; "my mind has been constantly busied since last evening with schemes for benefitting Lucy. I had almost resolved on the course you have proposed, and now that I have your approval I shall hesitate no longer. You know I am called rather Quixotic in my ideas of benevolence, so that it is quite consoling to have my whims countenanced, even by my young and giddy cousin."

Caroline Alnwood was a beautiful girl of twenty-two years of age. Accomplished and agreeable, and the mistress of an independent fortune, left her by the early death of her parents, she was surrounded by flatterers and admirers; yet high-minded and noble in her character and feelings, she stood unscathed among them. Easily discerning between the true and the false among her suitors, she had the word of pity and regret for the one, and galling words of scorn and contempt for the other. Her heart was free and joyous as the birds in spring. By the world she was called eccentric—but that same world dare breathe of naught but purity connected with her name. Enthusiastic in all that interested her, she was pleased to find in cousin Harry (though two years her junior) a warm supporter and advocate.

It was soon decided that Lucy was to be adopted and educated by the cousins, and the proposal was received with deep gratitude by the mother, whose heart was now at ease about her child. Lucy soon endeared herself to her young friends by her gentle

and winning ways and her affectionate disposition, and most dearly did they love the little girl.

Six months passed by, and Harry Alnwood departed for Europe on a tour of three years, and a few weeks after his departure the mother of Lucy was carried to her last resting-place, wept only by her daughter and that daughter's kind friend.

CHAPTER II.

"Say, dear Harry, when shall we make our visit to the country? You know that you have long promised that we should go as soon as the warm weather commenced."

The speaker was a fair young girl, and very lovely; yet sadness, the sadness of a breaking heart, rested on every feature; and the smile that sometimes illuminated her countenance was marked with the same deep melancholy. As she raised her eyes to the person she addressed, love, deep, fervent, undying love, was expressed in that single glance.

"As soon, dear Lucy, as I can make arrangements to travel conveniently," Harry Alnwood replied; "but where do you most wish to go, Lucy?"

"To M——, my birth-place, and the burial-place of my parents. It seems to me that if I could once more breathe the pure air of my native hills, and press my aching forehead to the fresh green sods of my mother's grave, I should be better—happier. Oh, mother! mother!" she continued, and an expression of anguish passed over her countenance, "why, why was your dying advice so fatal to your child? Oh! Harry, well do I remember my feelings while returning from mother's funeral. She had charged me with her dying breath to place implicit confidence in my adopted friends, and to have no reserves from them, for they would advise me for my good; and to love them dearly, for so only could I repay the great debt of gratitude I owed them: and I thought of all this when I had seen her laid in the cold grave, and in the simplicity of childhood I wished that you were with me, that I might tell you all she said, and how much, how very much I loved you. Oh, mother! mother, would that your child had died with you. Oh! Harry, it breaks my heart to think of these things."

She had buried her face in her hands while speaking. As she raised her head she saw an expression of impatience on Alnwood's brow which brought the bitter tears to her eyes, but with a strong effort she drove them back, and taking his hand pressed it to her pale face, and sat in silence. As Alnwood gazed on her, his feelings were those of pity and regret. He thought of her pure and fervent love for him, and of her devoted attachment to him unworthy as he had proved himself to be. As he looked on the wan countenance and

attenuated form of the once bright and happy Lucy, his heart smote him, and he would have given worlds to restore to her the purity and peace of mind which he had destroyed. He felt that it was worse than mockery to utter words of consolation to that bruised spirit, and drawing her gently toward him, he murmured words of endearment so precious to the heart that truly loves, and with assurances of affection unchangeable he would have soothed her. And for a time she yielded to his influence. But dark and bitter thoughts crowded fast through her mind, and bursting into tears, she sobbed,

"Oh! Harry, promise never to forsake me or I cannot live. There is a feeling of coming evil which I cannot subdue. It haunts me constantly; but say that you do love, and never will forsake your Lucy, and I will trust you."

"Most dearly do I love you, Lucy," he replied; "and, rest assured, I never will forsake you."

She smiled through her tears, and believed the lying words of an unprincipled man. Poor Lucy! she was yet to taste of a cup presented by the hand of him she loved that would madden her very soul. Soothed and tranquilized by the kindness of Alnwood's manner, the day passed swiftly and pleasantly away.

Soon after sunset Harry prepared for a walk, and advised Lucy to retire early, as he expected a friend to pass the evening with him. Folding her in his arms he pressed his lips to her forehead, and left the house, and Lucy retired to her chamber with a lighter heart than she had known for many weeks.

She had distrusted her kind, true-hearted Harry! Oh! she would never be guilty of a doubt again. Seating herself by a small table, she turned over the leaves of a new book, in the vain attempt to fix her mind on its contents. But she could not read; she could not remain quiet; and she threw herself upon the bed, hoping to find forgetfulness in sleep. The night was hot and sultry, and the close air of the room insupportable. Rising and hastily robing herself in a morning gown, she descended to an apartment adjoining the one occupied by Alnwood and his friend. For a time she paced the room, listening with feelings of envy to the gay voices which fell upon her ear, but the cool air was grateful to her excited and feverish frame. Throwing herself upon a couch she yielded to its influence, and soon sank into a quiet slumber. An hour passed by, and still she slept sweetly. A loud voice pronouncing the name of Caroline Alnwood, her benefactress, roused her, and she listened eagerly for the words of the speaker.

"So, Hal, you are determined to propose: what

will you bet the fair lady does not reject your very disinterested offer?"

"Any thing you please, Fred," said Harry Alnwood, in reply. "I know cousin Cary well, and I have too much confidence in her affection for me to doubt her acceptance."

"I wonder, Hal," said Fred, with a quiet sneer, "if Miss Alnwood is as well acquainted with her honorable cousin's character as your humble servant. Does she know that the gamester's debts are to be liquidated from the handsome fortune she will bring her husband? Does she know that the lovely fairy, Lucy—"

"Hush, Fred, for heaven's sake, hush, unless you would drive me mad. Fred, I love Caroline Alnwood with my whole soul, and I shrink with self-abasement from the consciousness of the duplicity I am practising. I do not think she has any suspicion of my follies and errors, and I am certain that did she know of poor Lucy, she would spurn me from her as a thing too vile for earth." And for a moment he sighed. "But I am a ruined and a desperate man, and my only chance of retrieving myself is by a union with my cousin. To-morrow I shall propose. Come to me in the evening and I will let you know the result."

"But what will become of Lucy, Hal?"

"Alas! I know not. The poor child loves me with all the affection of a woman, and I fear it will break her little heart. She has long wished to visit the country. I shall leave her there and communicate my intentions by writing. It will spare me a scene."

Lucy listened for no more. Pressing her hands to her throbbing temples as though she feared her reason would desert her, she proceeded slowly to her room. Quietly closing the door, she seated herself by a window, and leaning her head upon her hand, she tried to recall what she had heard. Neither sigh nor tear escaped her. Calm and unmoved she sat there, while she thought of the past. Seven years had gone by since she received the dying blessing of her mother, and turned for consolation to the cousins; her only friends in the wide world. She thought of Caroline's kindness and affection for her, and of the love and gratitude that had ever filled her heart towards her young benefactress. She thought of the time of Harry's return to his native country—of the love that she had lavished on him. How when surrounded by admirers she had turned coldly from them all, to win a smile from him she loved. She remembered his ardent professions of undying love for her—the influence he had exerted to prevail on her to forsake her bright and happy home, to become an outcast to all but him. She remembered her wild dreams

of happiness—how for a time they had been realized; and then came the harsh words and cruel neglect; and she thought how she had borne it all lest he should be entirely alienated from her.

Then came the remembrance of the kind words of that day, and his promise of never forsaking her; and the cold careless words of the evening, which had so wrung her soul. It was too much for that gentle girl. She sank back in the chair senseless.

The next morning, Alnwood found an incoherent scrawl upon his table. It was from Lucy, bidding him farewell, and praying him to remember kindly the love of the heart he had crushed. He was surprised, grieved; but, after the first shock of the intelligence, with the selfishness of a man of the world, he rejoiced that the connection had been so easily dissolved. Yet conscience whispered him that if she died he was a murderer; and the recollection of her fervent love for him, and her patient endurance of his neglect and harshness filled him with remorse. He made diligent inquiry of the household as to the time and manner of Lucy's departure, but he could find no clue to her retreat. To banish reflection, he proceeded early to his cousin's house. He learned at the door that Caroline had been called suddenly into the country by a sick friend, and that it was uncertain when she returned.

CHAPTER III.

A fortnight passed, and Alnwood received intelligence of his cousin's return. He hastened to welcome her. She returned his greeting kindly, but her loveliness was dimmed by the hours of watching and anguish, she had passed by the side of her sick friend. Tears started in her eyes as she received his embrace, and covering her face with her hands she wept aloud. Alnwood was grieved to see her so affected, and he told her so; and as she became more composed, he spoke of his earnest desire to be permitted to protect and soothe her under every circumstance of life. He spoke of his long affection for her, which had commenced in childhood; of the doubts and fears which harassed him; and concluded by placing his happiness at her disposal.

"She did not shrink from him—she did not even withdraw the hand he had taken, but her voice was sorrowful as she replied—

"Cousin, I am too much affected to think of happiness now." She sighed deeply, and for many moments she was silent, and apparently much affected. "My anxiety about poor Lucy has been renewed," she said. "The letter I received purporting to come from her mother's friends, I have proved to be a forgery. Harry," she placed her hand

upon his arm and looked him earnestly in the face, "Harry, report says that you can tell me what became of her when she left my protection. Is it so? Speak truly, Harry, and I will bless you."

For a moment he hesitated. The proud man shrank from the light touch of that small hand, and from that beseeching glance, and he could have fallen at his cousin's feet and confessed all. For a moment, the idea flashed through his mind, could Lucy have betrayed him; but he knew that he wronged her by the thought. Every thing was at stake, and he replied,

"Report speaks not the truth."

Did he understand that glance of his noble cousin's eye? Did it express indignation and contempt? He was bewildered. She recalled him to himself by saying sternly,

"Follow me, Harry."

As she spoke, she threw open the doors into another room, and pointed to a table in the centre of it, covered with a white cloth. It concealed a coffin bearing the name and age of the unfortunate Lucy. Removing the cloth and placing her hand on the cold fair forehead, she bade him "look." The wretched man groaned aloud.

"Poor, poor Lucy," murmured Caroline; "Harry, she came to me in the frenzy of delirium and revealed all, every thing. A few days before she died she was sensible, and she would have retracted all that she had said; she would have made me believe it false; but she unwittingly corroborated the truth of her ravings, by imploring me to love you and make you happy, for indeed you had never injured her. She died of a broken heart, and I thanked God that she was dead. Harry, you have long known that I loved you. Had you been the ingenuous cousin of former years, and acknowledged the great sin of which you have been guilty, I must have pitied, while I now despise. I put you to the test, and you disappointed me. Harry, Harry Alnwood, look on that face, once so lovely, now cold in death. Recall to mind our first meeting with her, an innocent, pure-hearted child; her affection for you as a child; her deep, self-destroying love as a woman. Remember her in the brightness and purity of her character; loving, trusting, and confiding in us her two dearest friends. Harry, do you remember all this? How like a fairy she appeared to us in her loveliness and how we rejoiced that our adopted child was one so eminently worthy of our love. Oh! Harry, how I loved her. I would have died to have saved her." Caroline was silent, overcome by her feelings. She roused herself with an effort. "Harry Alnwood," she said, and her voice was sad and stern, "the fair child, the lovely girl, lies before

you. Whose victim? Aye, answer me that. You promised to love and cherish her as a young sister, and you have destroyed her. Did I tell you she died of a broken heart? Think of that. Dwell upon it, until you go mad, as she did. Oh, God! the best, the loveliest of thy creatures, to be destroyed by one who pledged himself to keep her from all harm. But she will not die unavenged. May her memory never die in his heart. Oh! Lucy! in your pure, unselfish love, you would have blessed the author of your misery. Harry Alnwood, I knew you to be unprincipled and a gamester, but I fondly hoped that my love would have won you back to virtue. Fool! fool that I was. But I did not know you," and her figure rose to its proudest height, "I did not know you to be a seducer—liar—murderer. Leave me, Harry Alnwood, and forever."

Alnwood had not interrupted her. He could not. Conscience stricken he stood before her, not daring to raise his eyes from the ground. Her last words recalled him to himself. He would have said, "Let us not part in anger," but his lips refused him utterance.

Woman's pity triumphed over indignation in Caroline's heart, as she saw the misery depicted in his countenance, and offering her hand, she said, "Farewell, cousin, may God forgive you this sin;" she would not add, "as I forgive you;" and bending her head down to the pale face of the dead, she wept bitterly. Oh, Lucy! Lucy!

Alnwood rushed from the house. Disappointment, remorse, and despair filled his soul, and reckless and desperate he madly rushed into eternity. And Harry Alnwood, the generous, noble hearted, enthusiastic youth, the cold hearted, unprincipled, and dissipated man, was laid in the suicide's grave.

J. G.

THE DEACON'S DAUGHTER.

'I SHALL return before tea-time, mother,' said Mary Wilson, as she closed the door, and took the arm of her companion, a fine, tall, bright looking girl, about fifteen, a school-mate of her own age, with whom she walked down the street.

'I am still at loss to understand why you care so little about Laura Sommers, Emma; for she appears like a fine, frank, affectionate girl, and a very proper companion for Mary, who is rather diffident, and would, I should think, be much benefited by her encouraging manners,' said Dr. Wilson.

'I am almost at a loss for words to explain myself exactly as I wish, my dear James, without implying more than I ought or more than I mean; for Laura is, as you say, a fine, gay, high-spirited girl, with easy, lady-like manners in general; though she is often led by her spirits into a boldness unbecoming a girl of her age: but did you ever see any thing in her deportment, that would lead you to imagine she was a *deacon's daughter*?'

Dr. Wilson opened his eyes wide, and looked with something like a quizzical expression in the face of his wife, as he said, 'Did you ever see anything in the face of Mary Wilson, that would lead you to suppose she was the daughter of a doctor?—I really don't understand you now, Emma.'

Mrs. Wilson smiled, and replied, 'I thought I should make a sad business with my explanation, for I am not willing to say anything against my neighbors, though there is much in my mind that I might tell you, dear, as I would murmur to myself—did you ever see anything in her conduct, that would lead you to suppose she was the daughter of pious parents?'

'She is young, my dear, wife, and though evidently not a Christian *now*, she may become one from the very influences she now slights.'

Mrs. Wilson shook her head and continued: 'What influence? there is a want of consistency in their whole conduct. Though Deacon Sommers is a pious man, he has not succeeded in making piety acceptable or agreeable to his family: the conduct of Laura, even in church, (at least when she attends ours, which is quite often now,) is a reproach on her father; and they are all more anxious to obtain new fashions, than *new*

hearts. How can we wonder, then, if Laura is vain and frivolous?’

‘Perhaps she is not more so, than most girls of her age, my dear: there is not much to be expected from girls of fifteen.—You love gaiety, and encourage it in your own children, and you say a Christian ought never to indulge melancholy thoughts.’

‘True, I love cheerfulness, and encourage bright hopes, and even gaiety in my children; but not boldness or self-conceit, or pride, arrogance, and vanity. We both love simplicity and artlessness; and it disgusts me to see the young running after grandeur and fashions, and turning from modest worth, and lowly loveliness, with all the worldly-mindedness of an old worn-out politician. Caroline Tracy, though not a professing Christian, shows even now, when her mother has been dead three years, the influence of her pious example, and impressive precepts: she is evidently governed by a higher principle, than the opinion of the world, or its fashions and follies.’

‘Oh yes, Caroline is indeed a very lovely girl, and her manners exactly what they ought to be—modest, self-possessed, and graceful. I admire her more than any young lady that visits Mary.’

‘I knew you did, and you will sympathize in my feelings, when I relate the little occurrence that first led me to scrutinize the conduct and character of the Sommers family. Some months ago I went out to call on Mrs. Tilden; as I turned the corner, I met Caroline, and asked her to go there with me; she declined, because she had just left the house, and I passed on. Frank was on the steps, and showed me into the sitting-room, saying his mother was in the garden, and he would call her. I heard voices on the back piazza, and heard Laura Sommers and Amelia Tilden amuse themselves at the expense of the poor orphan who had just left them. “I wonder what she calls here so often for,” said Amelia; “Ma told me not to go there again, while she lived in such an obscure street, and with such queer old-fashioned folks: it is three months since I called on *her*.” “Oh, she is amazingly fond of all her old school-mates; as if one was obliged to notice every body they learnt their A, B, C, with,” replied Laura. “She seems to forget there is any such thing as difference of station,” said Amelia; “Yes,” replied Laura, “she does indeed, and always comes up to me as if I was an old friend; shaking my hand and looking so tender, it almost makes me laugh in her face.—I wonder what she

lives on; for the little pittance her father left, must be used up before this time." Amelia laughingly answered, "Oh, she lives on hope; and her brother Henry, who never visits her, and who is as *poor* as his *poor* sisters"—Lucy Tilden cried out, "Oh, fie, Amelia! I should think, you'd be ashamed to talk so, about such a sweet young lady as Caroline Tracy. I heard Pa say, she was a pattern for you, and all the rest of us." "Oh ho, Miss Lucy, you have been listening, have you? well, run off to your baby-house, we don't wish for your advice or your company:—*little pitchers*, you see, Laura." Mrs. Tilden's entrance prevented their renewing the conversation, and after a short call I returned home, ruminating on what I had so accidentally and inadvertently listened to.'

Doctor Wilson sat silent a moment, and then said, 'Perhaps my dear Emma, our own Mary makes foolish speeches sometimes, when we are not present.'

'Foolish and childish she may often be, my dear husband; but I have never seen any disposition in her to look with coldness or neglect on any of her young companions on account of their poverty or obscurity. She has not imbibed a taste for fashion or for grandeur; as yet she is quite indifferent about the adventitious distinctions of wealth; and enjoys herself more in Caroline Tracy's little chamber, than in Mrs. Tilden's superb drawing-room: her heart and feelings are unsophisticated, and God grant they may continue so.'

'I think you are right, Emma, and I leave all to your better management. I was, I confess, pleased with the appearance and manner of Laura; but we men only see the outside. I wonder we so often get good wives; you ladies look with more scrutiny, except when you are in love yourselves, and then you take us for better for worse.'

'Mothers have great cause for attention, care, and scrutiny, when the happiness of their children is at stake; and I will continue to watch over the companions of our Mary, certain that if I am myself guided by a pure, and Christian spirit, I shall be led to choose such as will be for her temporal and eternal welfare.'

After this conversation, Dr. Wilson seemed to forget the subject entirely. Caroline Tracy was a frequent and always a welcome guest. Mrs. Wilson often had the pleasure of adding to her slender wardrobe, by presents so delicately bestowed, that the giver seemed the obliged person.

One cold snowy day, as the two girls sat drawing together,

Mary saw Caroline tie her handkerchief round her neck, and then first observed the contrast between her own thick warm caped merino, and the thin gingham of her friend. She slipped out of the room, and, throwing her arms round her mother's neck, said, 'Dear mother, will you grant me a favor?' 'Let me know what it is, my child, and perhaps I may.'

'Well, you know I seldom wear my swan-down cape, my merino dress is so warm; and I have a large fur one for the street.' 'Well, and what then, Mary?' 'Caroline has no woollen dress, and her thin one looks so cold.' Mrs. Wilson smiled, kissed her cheek, and said, 'It is yours; do what you like with it.' Mary bounded away, and coming gently behind her friend placed the cape on her shoulders, saying, 'You must oblige me, dear Caro, by accepting this cape, unless you like the moths better than your friend; for they will certainly eat it up, unless somebody wears it for me; for my dress is so thick you see I cannot wear it at all, and it is very becoming to you. I love to see it on your shoulders;' said Mary, walking round, and looking with much complacency on its snowy whiteness.

Caroline's mild eye sparkled; her cheek glowed; she smiled on Mary, and said, 'I feel your attentive kindness, dear, but it is too valuable a present for me to accept without'—Mary interrupted her by saying, 'Now don't make me preach, Caroline; you know I am a half-spoilt child, and you must not cross me. I have set my heart upon seeing you wear it, and it is all my own, to do just what I like with; now oblige me this once, and I will do just what you ask me, for a whole fortnight.' Tears stood in Caroline's eyes: she brushed them hastily away, tied on the cape, and looked with such a smile of grateful meaning on the face of her friend, that no words were necessary to tell her feelings. In this manner Mrs. Wilson endeavored to aid the gentle girl who was, she felt sure, (though she made no complaint,) embarrassed with cares and perplexities, quite beyond the capacity and management of a girl of sixteen. More than two years had passed since the death of her father: her only hope and dependence was a brother, from whom she seldom heard, and, whose letters, though they showed no sadness or depression of spirits, told of his poverty and his regret that it was not in his power to add to the slender pittance left for his dear sisters. His last letter concluded with a wish that Caroline would improve herself and Ella, all in her power,—keep up a good heart, with a firm trust in God, and hope for better

times; that he thought before her small means were all exhausted, he should be able to return to his native place. Caroline had obeyed him implicitly—had struggled on, doing all in her power to improve herself, and her sister, and to retain her present respectable boarding place; but her funds were almost gone: she had parted with all her mother's ornaments, except a small though very valuable watch; this she still retained with a faint hope of keeping it for her dear Henry. Day after day, as she saw their scanty wardrobe, and felt their increasing wants, she would redouble her efforts: her drawings were multiplied faster than she could sell them: her slender fingers were seldom idle, but she felt she was growing poorer, as well as *taller*, every week. Sometimes a tear would dim the rich watch-case as she held it in her hand, and wondered at her own unwillingness to part with it. 'Perhaps I shall hear from Henry to-morrow,' she would say, as she replaced it; thus buoyed up by hope and the attentive kindness of those friends who loved her for her real worth, and admired her for her talents. Her naturally fine temper retained its cheerfulness; open and generous, affectionate and above jealousy, she never appeared to notice the slights, or to be sensible of the neglect of those who, like Laura Sommers, saw no merit and nothing to admire, in a poor, desolate orphan. She was fond of society, and sometimes went to the parties of her friends, though she much preferred social visiting. One morning, as she sat teaching her little sister, Mary Wilson bounded into the room, exclaiming, 'Oh, Caro, we shall have such a treat! Mr. Thompson the artist is here, with his beautiful picture,s—and he has a splendid telescope, and we shall look at the moon, and see the pictures: oh, we shall have such a treat! You must look very smart; will you have anything of mine to wear? Amelia Tilden says, all the great folks in town will be there, which means you and I, and my dear father and mother, and some others *almost* as good, I suppose.'

'Stop a moment and breathe, dear Mary, and then tell me where this fine show is to be, and when.'

'Oh, it is to be at Deacon Sommers, and on Christmas night, too,—only think of that! what a merry Christmas we shall have!'

'Why, Mary, he never keeps Christmas at all.'

'I know it; but Mr. Thompson leaves town the day after, and so, you see, he was glad to have him on Christmas night,

and you will not refuse to go, I know, where you used to be so intimate, and where you will meet all your best friends.'

Caroline sighed, and bent a moment over the book in which she was teaching her sister; then closing it, she said, 'You may go play now, Ella;' the child bounded away, and Mary continued, 'Now let's talk about the fine treat.' 'Why I have no invitation, Mary.'

'Well, Caro, and what of that: we have none yet, but we shall have in the course of the day, without doubt. Amelia Tilden has been there all the morning, and was there when Mr. Thompson arrived: she knows all about it; and we shall be so happy. You must go, for half my pleasure will be in seeing your delight at the sight of the pictures, and looking with you at the moon through a telescope. Father says you are quite an amateur, and would soon be an artist yourself, if you had proper instruction; and you are only sixteen! only think how well you will draw when you are thirty. But I forget that I have engaged to spend a sociable day with cousin Jane, and it is almost noon now, and to-morrow we have a large dinner party, and mother desired me to ask you.' Caroline declined, observing, that one party a day would be quite enough for one of her retired habits;—and she preferred visiting them some other time.

'Well, now, good bye! though my head is full of moons, and pictures, and castles, that I shall be very sentimental I dare say; for you must know there is a grand view of Kenilworth Castle by moonlight; but I will run away before I make you as crazy as I am myself;—and there's a kiss for you, Ella,—a good child for not disturbing us once.' The happy girl sprung down stairs, and Caroline resumed her employment. She listened to every knock, but no invitation came. The next day she walked out with Ella, and as she was returning slowly home through one of the public streets, she heard voices behind that she immediately recognized as those of Laura and Amelia: just as she was about to turn her head and speak, she heard a kind of smothered titter, and the words, 'Yes, t'is Mary Wilson's old cape; I know it by the peak behind:' another titter followed this rude speech. Caroline quickened, her pace, but she could not avoid hearing Amelia say, 'I have a dozen old cast-off dresses, that she is welcome to!' A pang of mingled pain, and shame, shot through her young heart; the shame was momentary, but the pain remained, and sunk deep. There

was something indescribably touching in her look and manner to her sister, as she seated herself by the window of her little chamber, and said, mentally, 'I have one to love me.' She no longer wished for an invitation to the party.

It was not that Caroline cared so much about a party that she felt so keenly the neglect of the Sommers' family; but she was conscious of possessing powers that would enable her to make herself independent, if she could only obtain the means to cultivate them:—young, timid, and ignorant of the world and its ways, she hoped to interest Mr. Thompson, and to learn from him the best course to pursue; she knew he was a man of talents—an artist himself, with judgment to decide on her powers, and a situation where he could employ them to advantage, if they were such as he could make useful: with these hopes she had been very desirous of an invitation, that she might be introduced to the stranger, after which she determined to call on him, and explain her wishes. Thus disappointed, her heart had sunk like lead in her bosom, and she was but illy prepared to meet the sneers of her proud companions. But, early taught by her pious parents to trust in God, and believe in his guiding care, she now said to herself, It is better for me, without doubt, not to see this stranger: perhaps, Henry would not approve of my attempting to teach while I am so young: I will sell my watch, and struggle on a few months longer, by that time, I shall certainly hear from my dear brother if he is alive; and a sigh came involuntarily from her heart, at the bare possibility of his death. These thoughts had all passed through her mind, since she returned home, and seated herself with disappointed and insulted feelings at her window. She was now, though only a few moments had elapsed, descending to the dining-room cheerful and happy. The God in whom she trusted, had given her mind new strength, and filled her young heart with peace. And who ever found the fountains of God's mercy exhausted?—young or old, rich or poor, wise or simple, high or low, can one and all find sure and unfailing aid, if they ask of God with meek and humble trust.

But we will leave the daughter of Deacon Tracy, and take a survey of the party assembled at Deacon Sommers.'—It was indeed a splendid show, though Mrs. Sommers (so she said) never gave large parties: this was an uncommon occasion, and all whose notice she wished to attract, or whose favor she wished to gain, were there. The pictures were placed in the

best light in elegant frames; and Laura, in the *best light*, and best dress she could procure, stood beside her mother to receive their guests; amongst whom, were Mrs. Wilson and Mary. All was parade, and show, and fashion. After looking on the gay assembly, and convincing herself that Caroline Tracy had not arrived, Mary took a stand near the door to await her coming, unwilling to examine the pictures without her. Impatient for her arrival, particularly after Mr. Thompson began to point out the peculiar beauties and defects of each piece, she began to fear that she was ill. The idea never for a moment crossed her mind, that she had not been invited. Weary at last with conjecture, she made her way to Laura, who was still standing near her mother, and mentioned her fears that Caroline was sick. ‘You know she would be here, if she was well, she is so very fond of paintings.’ Laura colored, and Mary continued, ‘Do you know why she is not—did she not accept your invitation?’

‘She was not invited, I believe,’ said Laura with an embarrassed manner, and a faint voice. Mrs. Sommers instantly understanding the cause of her daughter’s embarrassment, observed, ‘We think it rather a kindness than otherwise in Caroline’s friends, not to trouble her with invitations to parties, as she can never give them, or receive company any where but in a bed-chamber.’ Mary colored deeply with surprise, and something like indignation at this remark; but said mildly, as she glanced her eyes round the pictured walls, ‘That *few* had the power of giving such parties, as Mr. Thompson had never displayed his beautiful pictures before—but fortunately it was quite possible to be very happy in rooms less spacious, and not decorated at all.’

‘Oh yes, dear, you are quite right,’ replied Mrs. Sommers, with her most insinuating voice and manner, ‘our most pleasant parties are given by your mother.’

‘Although,’ replied Mary, smiling expressively, ‘our rooms are small and plain.’

‘Oh, what a little quiz you are: you know I did not mean any such thing—but Caroline, though we did not invite her, is very dear to us; she is the daughter of one I loved very much—but you know,’ she added in a low tone, ‘that she has not the means of appearing in the style of fashionable people.’

‘True,’ said Mrs. Wilson, who had heard the last part of the conversation, and understood instantly that Caroline Tracy was

the subject of her remark. 'True, she has not; but that deficiency could be easily supplied by the friends who still love her tenderly, did not the sensitive delicacy of the young orphan's mind prevent her accepting any thing to *adorn* her person. Caroline Tracy is certainly a stranger to you, madam, if you have not discovered that she is a girl of no common order, with talents and manners that fit her for the best society in the country. I am much disappointed at not seeing her here—knowing as I do, that not one present could so well appreciate the treat you have so kindly given us; but I think she is rather averse to visiting in large parties.'

'Yes I have understood she was, and thought it best, as I was telling Mary when you joined us, not to invite her.'

'Not invite her!' exclaimed Mrs. Wilson, 'and did you, could you, would'—she hesitated, stopt, looked at Mary, and then at Laura, who stood with glowing cheeks beside her mother. Mrs. Wilson dared not trust her voice to say more; and Mrs. Sommers began to say something by way of apology, when her husband called her attention to another part of the room, much to her gratification, for she felt mortified, and was quite at a loss what to say. How did this apparently trifling occurrence entirely change the appearance of every thing; even the bright face of Laura seemed altered, and both mother and daughter felt the hollowness of the whole scene around them, and turned to meet Dr. Wilson, (who had just entered) with a hope that he would not remain long. 'Do let's go home as soon as we can with decency, mother,' said Mary, as she took her father's arm to walk round with him, while he examined the pictures.

'Well, my pet,' said the Dr., 'don't you think this is fairy land,—but you look weary and dull: can pleasure pall so soon? but this is a splendid view—where is Caroline? this is the view of the Parthenon I so much wished her to see. Call her, Mary, for I don't see her anywhere.'

'You will not see her this evening, my dear—Miss Laura Sommers did not see fit to invite her.'

'Oh ho, an affront among the fair ones,' replied the Dr., smiling; 'Well, you will do so, and must have your own way, I suppose; but I dare say Laura was in the wrong, for Caroline is such a meek-tempered, kind-hearted creature, that she would not take offence without great provocation.'

‘There was no affront, father ; Miss Sommers did not think Caroline a fit companion for the fashionables assembled here.’

‘*Umph*’—was Dr. Wilson’s only reply, as he turned to meet Mr. Thompson, with whom he soon entered into conversation. Before they separated, Mr. Thompson promised to spend a few days with the Dr., on his return from B., where he was taking the pictures for Mr. Colville, to select two for his new establishment ; the rest he should bring back with him. As soon as this arrangement was made, the Dr. went to seek his wife and daughter, and they were soon on their way home.

‘You are a much better judge of character than I am, or ever shall be, my dear mother,’ said Mary ; ‘I thought Laura Sommers noble, frank, and affectionate—but I understand now, why you did not wish me to be intimate there, and I am sure I never wish for her friendship, scarcely for her acquaintance.’

‘Do nothing rashly, my dear child : look with charitable allowance on the faults of your companions, remembering that perfection does not belong to humanity. Laura Sommers has her own proud heart to control *alone* ; her parents do not aid her ; they are seeking after the great ones of the earth, and will stumble over all the happiness in their path to reach them. Could you, my Mary, go to the humble abode of your friend, you would find there a sweet and quiet spirit ; for He, to whom all hearts are open, has heard the humble aspirations of the gentle Caroline, and given her a peace that the world knows not of :—and who that knows what true happiness is, would not rather be poor *Caroline Tracy*, than the rich and proud Laura Sommers ?’

‘Your mother is right, my daughter ; and I ask no better friend for you than Caroline Tracy,’ said the Doctor.

The next day the slighted girl came to see them, and she seemed so bright and happy, that they forgot she had been neglected, until Mary said, ‘Had I known that you was not invited, dear Caroline, I should have come and spent last evening with you.’

Caroline’s eyes filled with tears : she could not speak, her heart was too full. Mrs. Wilson mistaking the nature of her emotion, said, ‘I hope Caroline Tracy will never feel herself less worthy of esteem, because Laura Sommers slights her.’

‘I was not thinking of Laura, my dear Mrs. Wilson, but of you and Mary—kindness sinks much deeper into my heart than neglect or coldness.’

‘ You are right, my dear Caroline, and I am glad you see things through a proper medium : it is wise to look longest at blessings. You may always depend on our friendship, and affection ; and we are not so disinterested as you appear to think us, for you have taste and talents, with an abiding sense of God’s goodness, which makes you a most desirable companion for our children ; and I know you have too much real dignity to feel ever lowered in your own esteem, by the want of those adventitious possessions, which, though useful and valuable when considered as the gifts of God for the benefit of ourselves and others, are always snares to the proud and worldly. And now we will drop the subject of the party, to resume it no more ; we can all be very happy without Mrs. Sommers, or her daughter, if they choose to neglect us. But I must tell you, that we expect Mr. Thompson on his return, to spend a few days with us—when we shall see the pictures, as much as we please, and look through the telescope at our leisure ; and, what will be quite as agreeable to me, we shall have the conversation of a man of sense and learning, who may be a valuable acquisition to us all, and particularly to you, Caroline, for he is desirous of seeing you and your drawings.’

Mr. Thompson returned in a short time. Caroline was charmed with his conversation, his manners, and his pictures. The learned man was pleased with the unaffected simplicity, taste, and talents, of the poor orphan. He told her frankly what he thought of her drawings ; pointed out their defects, giving her many useful hints on her future course, and encouraged her to persevere, assuring her of success. She had not yet had courage to tell Mr. Thompson how she was situated, and her earnest wish for employment. He was a distinguished man, and almost a stranger, and though she could listen to him as to an oracle, she felt that she had so little claim on his time and attention, that her lips seemed sealed.

By Mary’s advice she resolved on the last day of his visit to speak to Dr. Wilson on the subject ; but he was gone all the morning, and when she came after dinner, they were all assembled round the fire, conversing very earnestly : she slid silently into a seat, with an encouraging smile from the Dr. and a bow from Mr. Thompson, who turned to her and said, ‘ You have come just in time, Miss Caroline: I have a proposition to make, which I hope you will accede to. Are you so situated, that you can go home with me, and are you willing to assist in the

education of my little daughter : and receive instruction in drawing from me, as a compensation for your services ?"—Caroline's eyes sparkled ; her whole face glowed with delight ; she rose from her seat, pressed her hands upon her bosom, and was about to speak her grateful thanks, when the thought of her little sister rushed suddenly upon her mind—she sunk back, pale and trembling, into her chair, and burst into tears.

Mrs. Wilson went to her, and Mr. Thompson endeavored to make an apology, saying, 'that he hoped he had not been so unfortunate as to wound her feelings : he was perhaps rather abrupt in his request ; but he was going so soon, and thought as Miss Caroline was alone'—This observation recalled the agitated girl to herself ; she spoke feelingly of the real delight it would give her, the joy she first felt at the prospect of a situation which was beyond her most sanguine hopes : but that the thought of her young unprotected sister, came over her bright visions, for she felt it was impossible to leave her ; and——'I understand all now,' said Mr. Thompson, interrupting her, 'and perhaps we can make some better arrangements. I will defer my departure a day or two, see your sister, and inquire more particularly into the matter. I don't despair at all, but that we can arrange some plan for our mutual advantage. I am really desirous of obtaining your services, and feel sure that I can bring forward your excellent talents.'

The limits of a story will not allow us to tell all that passed : it is sufficient for us to know, that Caroline and her sister, who was of the same age as his own, and only daughter, went home with Mr. Thompson, who was more than ever interested in the orphan, when he saw how tenderly she was beloved by her young charge, and what a motherly care she had taken of her, since the death of her parents.

A few months after her establishment in Mr. Thompson's family, he wrote Dr. Wilson that Caroline was a treasure, which wealth could not purchase ; that her improvement was rapid, and that Ella was just such a little sprightly, intelligent companion as he desired for his daughter, who was the happiest of the happy. That Mrs. Thompson had already adopted her as her own, and insisted on their both sharing alike. That Caroline had talents to make herself perfectly independent ; she had already begun, at her own earnest request, to assist him. Caroline wrote in excellent spirits ; declared to Mary that her

situation was all she desired, and if she could only have good news from Henry, she should not have a wish ungratified.

The Wilsons were delighted, particularly the Doctor, for he felt that a life of dependence would soon wear out a heart like Caroline's; who, though one of the most grateful, was also one of the most sensitive of human beings.

We will leave the kind Dr. and his family rejoicing, that God had given the poor orphans such a friend—and take a survey of Deacon Sommers' family—who grew more and more fashionable: they were caressed by the Olays, visited by the Archers and others, who lived in style. Mr. Archer was really a man of worth; his wealth was made the channel of usefulness, and he united the mind of the scholar to the polish of the gentleman; his children were well educated and intelligent, and Dr. Wilson often said, were the most modest young men in the city. The Wilsons were great favorites. Mr. Archer valued the Dr. for his knowledge, and respected him for his benevolence and usefulness. Mr. Thompson's adoption of the orphans had interested Mr. Archer much, and he told Dr. Wilson that if he had known Caroline Tracy's wishes, they should have been gratified long before. The Doctor thought it was much better for Caroline to trust to her own exertion and talents; and after some conversation on the subject, Mr. Archer agreed with him, and requested that as soon as she had any pictures to dispose of, his own drawing-room might be decorated with them, as he felt a great desire to have the first works of his young towns-woman.

We have digressed, until the showy, proud daughter of Deacon Sommers was almost forgotten. We will now keep her in sight, a short time longer, that we may be able to institute a comparison between the two daughters of *the two Deacons*. Laura had just got through the bustle of preparation for a large party to be given by the Archers. She was splendidly arrayed, and while she sat waiting for the carriage, observed to her mother, that she had seen a very uncommon fine looking young gentleman, a stranger, walking with Dr. Wilson, as she came from the shop.

'Oh I dare say it is the same person your father spoke of before you got home;—a very celebrated character recently arrived from Edinburgh, who has made some very great chemical discovery, which will immortalize his fame, and make his fortune; the name sounded something like *Tassy*. Your father

could not catch up with Dr. Wilson, or he would have obtained an introduction. There was much talk among the merchants about the important discovery; though even that, your father did not hear enough about, to explain it to me ; but he will be at the party to-night, without doubt.'

'Do you think so?' said Laura, moving towards the glass, and arranging her hair, while she said, 'Do, Ma, raise my head-band a little—I am sure it is too low on my forehead ; and this curl don't fall gracefully at all. Oh don't pull my head all to pieces! and look, how my sleeves are tumbled, why Ma, you will make a perfect fright of me!'

'I am sure, Laura, you look very well; and it will become you to be happy and appear pleased; for you have no idea how much better you look when you smile.'

'Do pray see these gloves—they are much soiled, and quite unfit for me to wear—dear, dear, why did I forget to buy me a new pair?'

'The gloves are well enough, Laura; and now don't begin to fret, I beg, just as we are going.'

'I wonder,' said Laura fidgetting herself at the mirror, and still trying to improve her dress, 'I wonder if old Dr. Wilson will bring the stranger? I hope he won't, for I can't endure him or his wife, or his babyish daughter Mary.'

'I am sure they are highly respectable people, Laura, and Mr. Archer thinks every thing of them. I have heard him say that he loved the Dr. like a brother.'

'You know, Ma, he has a way of talking to one just as if he was quizzing them ; and Mrs. Wilson is so very polite, that you can never come only just so near her ; while Mary always has some foolish project, or some pet to engross her attention. I scarcely ever call there now; for I never saw a girl of sixteen, so much like a child. Could you believe, that when I called there with Mr. Allworth, she was in the parlor, playing babies! or what was just the same, she had all the young ones round her, and, with her lap full of baby things, she was dressing their dolls. She made no apology, but seemed to think it just as proper as any other employment. It was quite amusing to my beau, who smiled when he looked on her; and though he was very polite and attentive while he remained, he said, as we walked home, it was something quite new to see a *real girl*, he had been so much with *young ladies* of late.

'I could see the smile of derision playing round his mouth

while he spoke. The foolish girl had fine drawings of her own, but she never offered to show them : she plays very well, but she declined even that ; and only talked a little about plants, when she found, by Mr. Allworth's examination of a flower, that he was a good botanist. She made no display : you would have thought, she was a clever country girl, and no more. I almost expected she would have invited us into the baby-house.

‘I asked him to see my plants ; for I saw him take a sweet-brier rose from Dr. Wilson's beautiful bush ; but he said he was tired of exotics, and loved nothing but beautiful nature.—Hark! there is the carriage—No, it is only a cart—I hope that interesting foreigner will be there to-night, Ma.’

‘He will be, without doubt, my dear ; and I hope you will pass a very happy evening.’

‘I had rather any one would introduce me, than Dr. Wilson. I know he don't like me ; and since Caroline Tracy has been cried up so by that strange Mr. Thompson, who thinks her such a genius, I hate to go there, for I know they are always thinking of my slighting her ; as if it was a matter of any consequence whether a poor girl like her was invited to a party or not.’—The arrival of the carriage put an end to this colloquy.

About nine, Mrs. Sommers whispered in her daughter's ear, that Dr. Wilson had just entered with the foreign gentleman. Laura played her very best ; but the attention of the company was directed to the stranger, and she rose from the instrument, just as Mr. Archer (who appeared delighted to see him) led the way to introduce him to his wife and daughter. A slight color spread over his noble brow, at the flattering manner of presentation. But what was the astonishment and mortification, of both mother and daughter, when they heard him say, ‘I feel *proud*, Mr. Tracy, to welcome and acknowledge you as a fellow town's-man.’ Laura did not hear the reply, which was uttered in a low voice ; but she saw all crowding round, to welcome Henry Tracy, the brother of the despised Caroline !—Her heart sunk with disappointment and vexation.

‘I don't care about an introduction, Ma,’ said Laura, in a whisper, ‘I know he won't like us. There goes Pa, to welcome him.’ Contrary to Laura's expectation, Mr. Tracy seemed delighted to see him, though a shade of sadness passed over his fine features when he first took him by the hand. Deacon Sommers had been the most intimate friend of his

father, and it was the first time he had seen him since his death. After a few moments conversation together, the Deacon brought him to his wife and daughter, telling him as he introduced Laura, that she was one of his old play-mates. 'I have often yearned after the friends and play-fellows of my early days, particularly the companions of my beloved sister, who, I am delighted to hear, has kept pace with her young friends in *mental*, if not in *personal* charms.' Laura's face was crimson. Mr. Tracy, pleased with her apparent modesty, and attracted by her bright countenance, continued to hover around her. He inquired about the mulberry-tree, under which he used to play and study, as well as make toys for their baby-house.

When Laura was convinced that nothing had been said to her disadvantage by the Wilsons, she recovered her self-possession, and resumed her usually gay, sprightly manner, with which Henry Tracy, like all young retired students, was much pleased. He often spoke of his sister, and Mrs. Sommers as often sounded her praises. Before they separated, he mentioned his intention of going immediately to see Caroline; and that he should call the next day for any letters, or message they might wish to send, and to renew his old friendship on the spot where it first commenced.

Though Laura bit her lips with vexation, she replied gayly, they should welcome their old play-fellow, and introduce him to the mulberry-tree with great pleasure.

It was an evening of unmingled enjoyment to Henry Tracy—of severely mortified feelings to Mrs. Sommers—of hope and fear to Laura, who was charmed with the appearance and manner of Mr. Tracy.

'Oh dear, how tired I am,' were the first words that Laura uttered when she entered the house. 'Ah this string is in a hard knot; do untie it, Ma?'

'Well, stand still, my dear, or I am sure I cannot.'

'Do pray make haste, or I shall drop down.'

'How impatient you are—what is the matter, Laura?'

'I am vexed, and weary, and sleepy: who would have thought that Henry Tracy would have returned such a great man, and so polished and graceful, too; not at all like a musty old chemist! Do you think the Wilsons will tell him of our neglect, Ma?'

'I don't think any thing about it; and do go to bed, for you look worn out, and it is now almost morning. You will be a

perfect fright to-morrow, when Mr. Tracy calls, if you don't go to sleep soon.'

Mrs. Sommers was right : they thought only of the delightful companion and friend they had found in their young towns-man, and the valuable protector and guardian their dear Caroline would have to guide and aid her. The name of Sommers was not mentioned except by Henry himself, who hoped he should find his sister as much improved as Laura. Mary smiled and replied, 'That he would find her all he could ask.' Business detained him a few days, and he was a constant visiter at Deacon Sommers, until he left the town. But on his return with Caroline, who came at the urgent request of the Wilsons, his visits were few and far between. Devoted to study from his earliest years, Henry Tracy was quite an indifferent judge of character—and perhaps but for this true display of the real disposition and principles of Laura Sommers, he very probably might have been led, by old associations and new attractions, to the choice of a vain, proud, and selfish wife—but Caroline had pioneered for him ; and he felt a warm and devoted attachment to those friends, who had discovered and appreciated the merit and talents of his sister, though she was in the obscurity of poverty. A close intimacy with the Wilsons disclosed the real worth of Mary, and it is currently reported and believed, that when she is old enough, Mr. Tracy will ask and obtain her of her parents.

Caroline returned to Mr. Thompson's, where she preferred remaining, until her brother wished to have an establishment of his own; but the little Ella, Mrs. Thompson calls her child, and says, the day when dear Caroline leaves, will be one of real lamentation, for she is beloved by every one under the roof. Mr. Thompson calls her his right hand ; and she feels so much attached to her kind instructor, that I think she will not leave him until Henry marries. Laura Sommers is a fine dashing, fashionable girl, and still anxious to be with the first folks : whether she will ever arrive at the exact point of her ambition is very doubtful ; for worldly wishes are like the peaks of the Andes, when one is gained, another rises immediately behind it.

My youthful reader can easily determine which of the two characters they should choose to be like. The return of Henry, a man of science and wealth, was an adventitious circumstance, that had nothing to do with the character of either, though it farther developed both. Caroline was the same grateful, affectionate, humble-minded being, when she was caressed

as the sister of Mr. Tracy, as when she was laboring in obscurity to support herself and her sister. Her happiness emanating more in her own bosom, and from hopes and desires of a more noble nature, than the fleeting, changing things of earth, was far more sure and more perfect :—‘ for those who trust in God, shall mount up on wings, as eagles ; they shall run, and not be weary—they shall walk, and not faint.’ L. L.

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THE DECLARED LOVER.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"WILL you go with me to-morrow night?" said Frank Huston as he parted from Lucy Alton at the door late one evening.

"Oh! to be sure," said Lucy, "provided the exhibition is worth seeing, which I suppose it is, or such a gay gallant as you would not have asked me."

"Very well," said Frank, lifting his hat and turning to depart, "I shall be here early."

Frank was Lucy's lover. He had been so for several months. Frank was open as the day, and loved Lucy with his whole heart, and he had often urged her to consent to a speedy marriage. But she was a gay, thoughtless creature, who, though she loved him in her secret soul, strove to conceal it from him, as many of her sex do. Had Frank not been a declared lover this would have been commendable; but as it was she only made him unhappy without any commensurate gratification to herself, for often after she had been so capricious as to drive her lover nearly to despair, would she lie awake weeping all night. How false is that sentiment which induces a woman thus wantonly to trifle with a lover, through mistaken notions of pride.

But Lucy was not solely to blame for her conduct. She had an elder sister who possessed great influence over her, and this sister secretly disliked Frank, taking every opportunity to injure him, though outwardly treating him with feigned favor. The morning after the conversation with which our tale begins, Lucy and her sister had just seated themselves at the breakfast table, when the latter said,

"Mr. Townsend was here last night—he left invitations for us to the concert this evening. I told him you had no engagement, and he is to bring Mr. Sartori, his Italian friend, with him."

"How sorry I am," said Lucy.

"Sorry for what?" responded her sister.

"That he asked me, for I told Frank I would go to the exhibition with him to-night."

"Pshaw!—Frank again."

"Why what would you have me to do?" said Lucy, after a minute's painful pause.

"I cannot take on me to advise," replied the sister. "Only this I will say, that Mr. Townsend and his friend will think it very odd that, after making an engagement with them, you break it for Frank."

"But won't Frank think it very odd for me, after making an engagement with him, to break it for these comparative strangers?"

"There is the difference. With a friend one may take liberties, but not with a stranger. Frank can go with you any evening, but Mr. Sartori leaves town the day after to-morrow. He has been very civil to you, and it is but polite to go with him."

Lucy paused.

"But Frank will be so angry," she said, timidly, at length.

"Then let him be. Oh! before I would suffer a gentleman to see that I cared for angering him I would die. What! surrender this privilege of our sex. No, no, if you wish to retain the affection of a man tease him and conceal from him your love."

There was again a pause for several minutes, and the breakfast service was nearly over when Lucy's sister carelessly remarked,

"This is the last night of Signor Nagel, is it not? You have the newspaper, Lucy."

"Yes! He sails for Europe next week."

"And the exhibition remains open for a month."

"It does."

"Then I'm astonished that Frank did not ask you to hear the Signor this evening. He knows how fond you are of music."

"I'm a great mind to go," said Lucy, who, by this time, began to yield, as customary, to her sister, from a secret dread of that sister's sarcasms if she betrayed her love, "Frank and I can go to the exhibition some other time."

"But not if he gets angry," said the sister, with a slight scorn on her lip, which stung Lucy to the soul.

"Angry or not I will go with Sartori," said Lucy, with flashing eyes. "So that's fixed," and she rose from the table.

And she *did* go with the Italian to the concert. Frank arrived a few minutes after she had left the house, and words cannot describe his surprise, indignation and pain at her conduct. He paced his room for hours that night, now resolving never again to visit Lucy, and now determining to see her once more and hear her excuse. He finally concluded to adopt the latter course.

Lucy herself spent an unhappy evening. Not even the divine strains of Nagel's instrument could banish from her mind the thought of how Frank would regard her conduct. On returning home she heard of the surprise of her lover, which he had not affected to conceal, and, auguring the worst, she retired to her chamber and spent the night in tears. At the breakfast table she strove in vain to hide the effect the last evening's events had produced on her. Her sister read her secret in her swollen eyes, and with a few well managed

taunts, turned the whole current of Lucy's thoughts and made her ashamed of her weakness. It was while she was in this new mood that Frank called.

"Well, your jailor is below," said her sister, bringing Frank's card up to Lucy. "He has come, I suppose, to see your repentant tears under pain of his eternal displeasure."

In no temper, therefore, to receive her lover as a injured person did Lucy descend to the parlor. The salutations on both sides were cold, and the conversation at first general and embarrassed. At last Frank came to the point.

"You went out last night, Lucy. Was I mistaken in supposing, from what you said the night before, that you were engaged to visit the exhibition with me?"

This was said mildly, though with some constraint, and had Lucy replied to it in a proper spirit all would have gone well. But, instead of making a candid explanation of the circumstances, and trusting to her lover's generosity, she replied, for she was still writhing under her sister's implied taunts.

"And if I was engaged with you—what then?"

Frank looked sadly at her, for there was a defiance in the tone as well as in the words. Lucy's heart rebuked her, and had she then changed her demeanor all might still have gone well. But pride, that fatal curse, again interposed, and she resumed.

"You say nothing!"

"Lucy," said Frank reprovingly. Her eyes flashed.

"I do not understand you, sir. You assume a tone of unwarrantable authority over my movements this morning. Have I ever given you leave to do this?"

Frank hesitated ere he replied. He saw that she had taken a position which precluded all explanation, since it denied his right to ask any. But he saw also the erroneous nature of this position. He, therefore, determined not to give up the point yet.

"This is not what I assert, Lucy," he said. "You made an engagement with me, which was broken. This surely entitles me to an explanation, and I ask nothing strange, I assume no unwarrantable authority in seeking it."

The justice of this position impressed Lucy, and again she was on the point of yielding; but again her better impulses gave way to pride.

"Thank heaven," she said, rising, "we are not engaged. "If I cannot do as I please, without being treated like a truant child—if my conduct cannot be regarded as right, without explanation, and on the faith of my own notions of justice,

then I care not to make any effort to place it in a favorable light. You have your answer, sir. A jealous tyrant for a husband is my particular aversion."

There was a tone of contempt in these latter words which overthrew the guard that Frank had hitherto maintained over his feelings. He, too, rose. His whole demeanor was changed.

"It is well," he said with dignity. "Lucy, I had not looked for this. I came here disposed to be frank: you met me with insult. I shall never trouble you again. Sometime hereafter you may think differently of this hour." He waited for no reply, but left the room. And Lucy, hesitating an instant whether or not to call him back, sank on the sofa when the hall door closed, and burst into tears. The next day she heard that Frank had left the city suddenly on a visit to his sister at New Orleans.

A month passed away. Often was Lucy tempted to write to her lover and sue for his forgiveness, but a fatal voice always interposed, whispering that he would soon return, when an opportunity for a reconciliation might occur without compromising her pride.

One morning, about two months after Frank's departure, on opening the newspaper, her eyes fell on the following paragraph:

"Died, at New Orleans, on the sixteenth inst., FRANK ALWYN, Esq., of New York, of yellow fever."

The paper fell from Lucy's hand and she fainted away. She was carried to her chamber which she did not leave for months, and when she came forth she was a different creature. Years have passed since then, and though her offers have been numerous, she still remains faithful to the memory of her lover. She looks on herself, in part, as his murderer. And those who could see the sad, pale face of the once haughty Lucy would acknowledge that bitter has been the lesson she has learned *never to trifle with a declared lover.*

THE DESERTED WIFE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

THEY had lived together five years. Married in the first bright flush of youth, while scarcely more than children, both had struggled to blend romance with the stern realities of life, till its duties and the quiet every day hopes which make the bliss of a household were forgotten. In a vain toil to preserve the fanciful and half ideal passion which had prematurely united them, they lost sight of the useful and the real. In his affections, in his business, everywhere, young Percy carried the refined and fastidious tastes of a lettered and poetical mind. To cultivate a vivid imagination, to reform a taste already morbid, was his constant and unsafe effort; while she, young, thoughtless and devoted to her husband, abandoned herself to affections already too vivid. Innocent, loving and romantic as on the day of her marriage, she was, alas! for her, child-like, and uncultivated as then, also, and every year of their married life served but to separate the minds of two beings whose fates had been linked too soon and too rashly.

Alas for the woman who has no tribute but that of tenderness and affection to render her house attractive; who is the plaything rather than the companion of her husband—who expects to keep the heart of a being whose mind she cannot comprehend! Alas, for poor Jane Percy, for she was one of these! At the age of twenty-one she found herself a wife without the esteem of her husband, but retaining in her own heart all the warm and clinging fondness which had made the sunshine of her bridal day.

It was late at night, and still Jane Percy was up; seated by the window, and watching with strained eyes the few persons that now and then walked hurriedly along the dim pavements of Chesnut street. Tears stood in her soft, blue eyes: her lips were pale and tremulous, while the jewels on her small fingers glittered in the lamp light as she knitted them nervously together

whenever the least sound from below reached her ear. She arose and walked the room hurriedly to and fro, she wandered from the parlor to a bed room that opened from it, flung herself upon the snowy counterpane, buried her face in those small hands and wept as if her heart would break. "Ah, why did he bring me here—why leave me thus forever alone or exposed to the fascinations of men like this bewildering foreigner, to the hints of that woman, shall I tell him—dare I tell him what was said to me this very night? I had guessed it before—but oh, to have others tell me of a rival, others condole and speak so pityingly because he loves me no longer. This will drive me mad! What was it that man said to me at parting," she exclaimed, starting from the pillow, and putting the ringlets of dishevelled gold back from her pallid temples with both hands. "It was that which I should not have listened to, I a wife—his wife!"—all at once a faint crimson stole over the cheek of that fair young creature; she bent her eyes to the floor and seemed trying to connect some memory in her troubled mind. "He held my hand, and yet I did not reprove him, my heart was too full—too cruelly torn with what I had heard of my husband, I did not know it till now, perhaps then yet it was not so: my head aches dreadfully, I might have dreamed it—but, but——"

She sprang forward with a quick breath which was almost a cry, undid the bolt, and reached forth her arms to receive her husband: she recoiled with a look of terror, and attempted to close the door again. It was not Percy, but the foreigner who had paid the so neglected young creature so much attention for weeks, when her heart and mind were unsettled with distrust of her husband's principles as well as of his love. There he stood at the door of her private room, late at night, and she alone, unprotected, and in a boarding-house.

"One moment," said the foreigner, in his peculiar broken English, "I did not wish to intrude, but you left the drawing-room so abruptly this evening. I heard you walking to and fro and could not rest, thinking one so lovely anxious or ill at ease. I

feared that my boldness had offended, and come to apologize—are you ill? Have I given pain?"

Mrs. Purcy could not answer, but trembling in every limb, motioned the bold intruder to depart, and when he seemed inclined to speak again, she forced the door against him and drew the bolt—at that moment a carriage stopped at the door, and she heard a step, *his* step in the passage. A sudden faintness came over her, and she sunk to a chair trembling like a frightened child. It was Purcy who had entered the hall just in time to see the foreigner coming from the direction of his wife's parlor. He stopped suddenly and confronted the man, his brow burning, and with a stern expression in his dark eyes.

"You are up late, sir, and absent from your room at an unusual hour," he said, in a voice strangely low and calm.

The man bent his head and seemed about to pass on with the bland smile natural to him just visible on his lip, but at a glance of the stern eyes bent upon him, his face seemed to change his purpose.

"I have been to inquire after Mrs. Purcy," he said, "I heard a sound in her room, a moaning sound, as if some one was suffering with pain or fear: there was no servant that I could summon, and knowing, even though ill, that the lady had no one near to render assistance, I went up to proffer aid if it were needed. The lady did not admit me, and I came away."

The man spoke quietly, and all he said was true. He had listened to the unsteady footstep of the poor lady watching in the room above till a late hour, and fearing that her restlessness arose from displeasure at his careless gallantry during the evening, he had allowed a generous impulse to draw him into offering atonement—he little knew that the dangerous tongue of a woman, whose joy lay in creating discord, had filled that gentle bosom with feelings it had never known before, and that his own culpable expressions of admiration were scarcely noticed in the terrible anguish created by the idea of a rival to her husband's love.

Purcy looked keenly in the young man's face for a moment after he had done speaking.

"You were kind," he said, with a haughty bow, "good night, sir!" and the husband passed on to the apartment of his wife.

Mrs. Purcy was sitting in the chair to which she had fallen when her husband knocked gently at the door, she arose and admitted him, but her hand shook, and it was some time before it had strength to turn the bolt.

Purcy cast one glance at her pallid face, quietly asked why she was up so late, and going to a table poured out a glass of water and drank it off.

"You look ill and tired," he said in a voice so strangely calm and gentle that impulsively she lifted her heavy eyes to his face.

"I could not sleep while you were away," she said, sitting down and resting her arm on the table. Her head fell forward, and as it lay upon her arm she turned the soft eyes he had once loved earnestly on his face.

He turned away his head, and taking up a pen began to write—"you had better go to bed now, I have writing that will keep me busy some hours," he said, still with unusual gentleness. "You will require rest, for to-morrow we shall return to New England—can you and the child be ready for the afternoon cars?"

The young wife started up with a look of sudden joy, and would have flung herself upon his bosom in the fulness of her gratitude; but he did not seem to observe the affectionate impulse, and with a feeling of disappointed tenderness she withdrew into the bed-room.

Purcy leaned his forehead on his hand and seemed lost in deep, if not painful thought, for more than half an hour.

"Why should I doubt or hesitate," he said, "why," and with his eyes fixed on the paper before him, "though this suspicion had never crossed my mind. I cannot love her as I did, unless it were possible to call back the crude ideas of youth, the boyish fancy which is satisfied with gentleness and beauty alone—I will not deal harshly with her, I, who have left her so much to herself, I should have guarded her better for my child's sake, and for her's if not for my own. She shall keep the child, too, it would be cruelty to separate them—but for me——"

He broke off his meditations and began to write, but his usually rapid pen faltered more than once in its task, and when the letter was finished he sealed it with a trembling hand. It lay upon the table before him folded and ready for the inscription full half an hour, at length he removed the hand which had supported his forehead, took up the pen again, and slowly wrote his wife's name, but as he did so a moisture crept into his eyes, and his fever lip quivered for an instant. He put the letter in his pocket-book, and lying down on the sofa, remained there till morning still, but sleepless.

Three days after the scene we have described, Jane Purcy stood in a chamber of her father's dwelling, her child was playing in the sunshine which streamed through a neighboring window, and her husband stood before her equipped for a journey.

"You will return soon," she said anxiously, "I shall not be contended to remain here long if you are away."

"It is impossible for me to set a time," replied Percy evasively, but with a steady voice.

The child had thrown one of its playthings out of reach and began to cry, the mother stepped toward it, and while her back was turned, Percy approached the bed and placed a letter beneath one of the pillows. He was about to leave the room, but she approached him, with the child in her arms, and giving way for one instant he snatched the baby, kissed it and left the room.

The young wife sat her child on the bed and lay down beside it; weeping bitterly, she scarcely knew why, for Percy had only left them for a few days, and the shelter of home was over and about herself and her little one; still she wept on, now and then lifting her head to kiss the rosy cheek of her infant as it played with the fringed curtains, and beat the pillow with its tiny hand. She was becoming more composed when the child set up a gleeful shout, and she saw that a letter was grasped and slightly crushed in its tiny fingers, she saw her own name in Percy's hand writing, and snatching the letter tore it open regardless of the infant who began to cry violently at being thus harshly dealt with. With the letter held firmly in both hands, Jane Percy read it through, her lips and entire face blanched perfectly white as she finished the first line; and when the child crept toward her and exerted his baby strength to recover the paper it was clenched convulsively, and the unhappy mother lay senseless and white as a corpse on the pillow.

An hour went by, and still the deserted wife lay senseless and like a thing of death. The babe became tired of play and fell asleep with his warm, rosy cheek nestled close to the pallid face of his parent. Thus it was that the father of Jane Percy found his child when he entered the chamber to inquire after his little grandson.

The old man took the paper from his child and read it, while the household were crowding around the sufferer bewildered and in terror. She revived at last, and then the stern father sent every one from the room even to the infant.

"My child," said the old man.

The sufferer turned her head feebly on the pillow and lifted her heavy eyes to his.

"My child," repeated the old man once more, "had he any cause for this suspicion?"

"Oh, father!" exclaimed the unhappy young creature in a voice of thrilling reproach.

"Thank God!" burst from the lips of that aged man, his face fell forward upon the bed, and he wept aloud. "Do not grieve—let the selfish one go—I have a roof to shelter my girl and her child, you can be happy with me once more, my poor

Jane!" said the kind man, once more lifting his face.

"I loved him, father," was the touching reply.

For one moment the old man looked almost angrily on the frail creature prostrated before him, but his better nature was ever uppermost, and instead of chiding he bent down and kissed her forehead.

"It is right, my girl, he is your husband."

She placed her arm feebly around his neck and returned his kindness with a faint, but grateful pressure of her tremulous lips. "Let me read the letter again, my father."

The old man placed the letter in her hand and left the room. She read it attentively more than once, laid it in her bosom and tried to arise, but she was too feeble, and it was many days before that pale head was lifted from its pillow again.

For two years the unhappy wife remained with her father. The cruel desertion of her husband seemed to have changed and strengthened her character—"I know it all," she would say, "he believed me nothing more than a child, he had no sympathy with my feelings, while I could have none with his mind. He loved me with his whole being, I had never been suspected of wavering in my deep, too deep affection for him. But I will hope, father, struggle and hope on."

The old man would smile kindly and encourage her, so with one strong and affectionate faith at her heart she studied night and day, toiling for knowledge with a perseverance that nothing could daunt or diminish. She had a beautiful guide, *his* books, his drawings, and pictures were in her possession. His pencil marks on the margin of every volume were a precious guide through the path of knowledge which he had pursued alone.

Two years, how much can two years of study accomplish when the heart becomes teacher to the mind? The strange, wilful man who had abandoned his wife so ruthlessly would scarcely have known the quiet, thoughtful and dignified woman, whose sweet face had become beautiful with thought and affection, chastened but not diminished—affections that become stronger and brighter as they were blended with the intellectual.

Jane Percy was alone in her chamber—books lay upon a table by the window where she sat, a half finished drawing was in her hand, and tears stood in her eyes, it was an attempt at his features imperfect and sketchy, but the boy was like his father, and that fond heart had not lost one shade of the lineaments that wrong and absence had but traced the deeper there. It was not strange that Jane Percy should be sad that night, for it was

just two years since the husband of her youth had departed for Europe.

She laid down the drawing with a heavy heart. Could it be that Purcy had left them forever, that he would not return to look on the face of his boy. How like his father he was lying in that snowy bed, with one small hand nestled under the warm cheek, and that soft brown hair curling so thickly over his head!

Poor Jane Purcy she was desponding then: the past had been whispering in her heart; the present, it was a gloomy, sad present, and the future, just then she had no hope for the future. Weary with the tears she had shed, and almost heart broken with tender regrets, she crept to the side of her child, laid her wet cheek to his and slept heavily.

At day break the child become restless and murmured in his sleep, the mother slumbered on but drew him closer to her heart, a single tear dropped from her closed lashes to the pillow, and words of gentle tenderness broke from her lips. Still the soft gray light of morning came through a grape vine rustling at the window before those gentle eyes unclosed. The child was still asleep, but her kisses awoke him, and when he saw that she had been weeping, the little fellow sat up in bed and made a gentle attempt to console her, and in the effort dropped into a soft slumber again.

Jane arose from the bed, and for the first time remarked that she was still dressed, and had remained all night exactly as she had dropped away from grief and weariness, while fondling her child. She had dreamed, too, that all night long, sweet, sad fancies had haunted her pillow. She went to a table, sat down, and began to write, for the first time in poetry, and thus was registered the

DREAM OF THE DESERTED.

I SLEPT—amid the thoughts that roam
And weave themselves so strangely round me,
Those mournful memories that come
Like spirit tones that anew have bound me,
And there, upon my slumbering sense,
A knowledge fell that we were parted;
A mournful knowledge, so intense,
That sleeping, I was broken hearted;
My soul was sorrowful and lone,
My very sense of life grew dreary,
As prisoned in a marble stone,
My pulse beat on inert and weary,
And feelings only thine for years,
Unfettered, free and sweetly gushing,
Lay on my heart, a weight of tears,
I felt them to my eyelids rushing,
I felt them freeze around the strings
That gave my heart its music tone,
And, as the wintery moonbeam flings
Cold brightness on an altar-stone,

The memory of thy smile came back;
But it was all estranged and cold,
It left no sunshine in its track;
In sleep, my heart was growing old.

I wept, for in that painful sleep
My feelings knew but one control,
And pride, that sentinel to keep
The portal of a woman's soul,
Now slumbered sadly on his post,
And visions of the past went by,
Of love and hope all dead and lost,
Like flowers that briefly bloom and die.
My dream was lengthened into years—
Years of such utter loneliness—
As falls upon a heart, when tears
Have worn it cold and passionless.
Earth was to me a weary home,
My soul was driven from its shrine,
It seemed a gem where light had come
And hardened when it taught to shine.

A change came softly o'er my dream,
'T was like the sunshine gently stealing
With rosy touch and pleasant gleam
Across the frozen fount of feeling,
It was as if a seraph came
Born of that sunbeam music's daughter,
Who smiling bent and wove a chain
Of starry blossoms on the water.
And from those blossoms softly stole
A light, like pearl gleams in the ocean,
And through the chambers of my soul
It kindled still some sweet emotion.
'T was thou had'st wrought the change, I knew
That light, it was the smile that won me!
The blossoms—there was one that threw
A gentle perfume all around me,
Our souls lay blended in its life,
It linked the solemn chain that bound us,
Its cup with dew and sweetness rife
Made the air holy all around us.

I slept, and still we were apart!
But in the changes of my dream,
That blossom, pillowed on my heart
Like lily on a restless stream,
Was cherished with the ruby dew
That swells my veins, with thoughts of thee,
My own—my better life—and grew
In nature like ourselves; and we
By its young light as by a star
Met once again—oh! it was sweet
We who had been apart so far
Thus in my slumbering thoughts to meet,
Still in my calm unrest I knew
The arms that clasped me were but seeming.
But dear the vision, though untrue,
'T was joy to love thee if but dreaming.
Thy breath was warm upon my cheek,
And tears beneath these eyelids lay,
While the glad words I could not speak
Died faintly on my lips, for they
Seemed fearful that their overflow
Might hush the gentle music stealing

Through the full heart that beat below,

Happy, yet half its bliss concealing.

Though conscious it was still a dream,

And that dear presence all ideal,

As children see the rainbow's gleam,

And think the golden cup is real,

I closed my senses to the truth,

And thought thy murmured words were there

That 'woke the echo of my youth,

And the deep feelings from repose!

Which faithlessness, or time, or wrong,

May seek to crush, but all in vain!

The soul that wakes to perfect song

Can never hush its strings again:

My slumbering thoughts still cling to thee

In the soft stillness of that hour,

As each had been a restless bee—

Thy heart a golden jessamine flower.

A distant light came softly breathing

Like sunbeams through the hazy past,

Some gentle mem'ry still awaking

More dear, more tender than the last.

That light, it was the dawning day

Through my lone casement faintly streaming,

That light so dreary, chill and gray—

I knew—I knew it was but dreaming!

Oh! wherefore should these eyes unclose,

Whence came that vision as I slept,

To mock my soul in its repose?

Thy child unto my heart had crept.

Oh! God, it was not all untrue;

The arms that clasped my neck are thine.

Thy own proud blood is blushing through

The limbs that nestle close to mine,

The breath, which floats upon my mouth

And mingles softly with my own—

Like perfume wafted through the south;

From roses of the torrid zone—

Was of thy life the purest light,

A ray from thy own being given

To lips so innocent and bright,

Their smile belongs to thee—or heaven:

He moves, that pleasant eye uncloses,

He murmurs, sleepily and low,

This cheek all warm with youth and roses,

In sleep has found a richer glow;

A shadow falls upon our child,

For he has seen his mother's tears,

These lips that trembled when he smiled

Would fill his infant heart with fears;

He feels, but cannot understand

Why these dim eyes are turned away,

But groaning, lifts his tiny hand

To move the tresses back, where they

Have fallen on my aching brow,

Gently and kind, as it would seem

His infant heart began to know

The pain left by that mocking dream.

He bends his dewy lips to me,

And with a sweet importune groan

He turns those blue eyes lovingly

Upon my pale and troubled form.

21*

He knows not why that soft caress

Renews no answering clasp or tone,

But his red lips still closer press,

My child—my child—we are alone!

When Jane Percy had finished writing, she folded the paper and directed it to her husband. She had received neither message, line, nor token from him since his departure, but he had left correspondents in the country, and she knew that he had travelled over Europe, and was then in Paris. So that little paper was sent forth tremblingly like a dove upon the cold waters.

It was late one evening when Percy entered his hotel weary and completely satiated with the excitements of Paris. He had spent months in London, Rome and Naples, had trod the sacred grounds of Jerusalem, and in every place sought eagerly to fling off a consciousness of the past, but it haunted him like a shadow. In vain he tried to cast the responsibility of his unhappiness on the young mother whom he had deserted. Reason as he would, a scarcely acknowledged consciousness of her innocence and of his own unworthy conduct made itself felt through selfishness and sophistry. There came seasons, too, of loneliness and solitude, when his spirit pined for the quiet of home, for the smiles of his child, for the soft voice that had blended itself so long with his very existence. And now amid the whirl of Parisian society, and surrounded by the blandishments of the most fascinating and brilliant women on earth—this till now transient yearning after affection, and the sweet endearments of home, become a powerful want. He had found female intellect ready to lavish its brightness upon him at every corner; but the affections, the sincerity, that is to intellect what perfume is to the rose—that was wanting.

Upon the night when we again introduce the selfish man to our readers, he had been at a large party given by the American ambassador, a party that had combined in its attractions everything that would charm the taste of a refined and fastidious man. Women celebrated for their beauty and intellect surrounded him. Men of great minds had taxed his great conversational powers to the utmost, but amid it all, Percy was sad and dispirited. A shadow of the past lay on his heart—he left the gay throng almost unconsciously, and entering his hotel sat moodily down to indulge in the gloomy thoughts that were far more suitable for the solitude of that dim old chamber, than the glittering saloons he had left. As he sat supporting his head with one hand, with his eyes fixed on the fire and a lamp burning dimly at his elbow, a picture arose before his mind with a vividness which, struggle against it as he would, remained there fixed and

immovable. The picture was that of a young child playing in the sunshine, and of a fair matron with a sweet maternal sadness on her face, stooping to lift the boy that he might look upon the husband and parent that was about to desert them forever.

Purcy arose and began to pace the room; but moving or at rest, that same picture was before his mind. He sat down again, and for the first time observed a folded paper lying near the lamp—a letter directed to himself. The hand writing made him turn pale; his hands shook as he broke the seal, and when the broken lines of a poem met his eye, he began to read while the very breath seemed hushed in his bosom, so intensely was he absorbed in the lines. Again and again he perused that paper till the color came back to his marble cheek, and the fire of a happy resolve broke through the gloom of his dark eyes. About midnight Purcy started up, thrust the paper in his bosom, and rang the bell.

His valet appeared.

"When does the next packet sail for New York?" he said.

"On Wednesday," replied the man.

"And this is Monday—do not go to rest again, but pack my trunks—I leave Paris in the morning!"

"Mamma, look there!" said little Charley Purcy, leaning over the window sill of his mother's bed chamber, and thrusting back the grape leaves with his little hand, "What a great tall man, mamma."

Jane was absorbed by an old dry bough which she was working into a clump of trees, that formed the foreground of a landscape in oils. She heard the child's voice without marking his words, lifted her pencil a moment, looked up, and smiling on the boy, bent over her picture again.

"Mamma, he is coming in!" exclaimed the boy, springing from the chair which had supported him by the window.

Jane started up, and the pencil fell from her hand—a footstep was on the stairs—that footstep her heart had leaped to it a thousand times, but she could not move; the blood left her cheek, and with parted lips and glittering eyes she stood breathless as a statue. The door opened, she sprang forward with a thrilling cry, and fainted on Purcy's bosom.

"Lay her upon the bed," said the old man, wiping the tears from his face and taking Charley in his arms who was crying lustily, and shaking his little fist at the tall man who had frightened his mamma.

"Hush Charley, hush," said the grandfather, patting the boy's curly head and smiling through his own tears, "hush, it is your *father*."



Isaac and his wife, and Joseph, the Hebrew, by J. M. W. Turner

THE EVE OF SAINT ANDREW.

BY J. K. PAULDING.

Among the most remarkable of the Indian nations inhabiting the continent of North America, was the tribe of the Natchez of the Mississippi, who occupied the site of the present town of that name, and the surrounding country. In appearance, manners, habits and religion, they differed from all the other tribes, and had made far greater advances in civilization. Their chief, or Sun, as he was called, was entirely despotic; their complexions were different from those of the northern Indians; they worshipped the sun, and in various other points so strongly resembled the natives of Mexico, that there appears little reason to doubt that the Natchez were the parent stock whence the Mexicans derived their descent. The traditions of the latter all point to an emigration from the north; and in tracing the origin of the peopling of the new world, every fact, historical, geographical and traditional, seems to demonstrate that the progress must have been from the north to the south.

The situation of Natchez, high, healthy and commanding, early attracted the attention of the French, who built a fort, called Rosalie, and formed a settlement under its protection. Fort Rosalie was situated on a hill, about two hundred feet above the Mississippi, at the foot of which was the landing place. It was surrounded only by a stocade. On the middle of the hill, near the houses of the inhabitants, stood the magazine, which commanded a view of the vast plains of the Mississippi, exhibiting a prospect full of grandeur and beauty; then a paradise of nature, now a garden rich in fruits and cultivated plantations. Of all the nations of Europe that have usurped the inheritance of the new world, it is due to truth, justice, and humanity, to state that the French have the least to answer for, in their intercourse with the natives. Wherever that gallant people go, they seem to carry with them the seeds of civilization and politeness; and it is not too much to say, that, few as they are, the only instances of a cordial friendship and good understanding between the red men and the white are to be found in the intercourse of the natives of France with the aborigines of the new world. Courtesy wins its way every where; and even the rude barbarians of North America, the most wild, the most revengeful, and the most impracticable of the human race, were attracted into habits of some intimacy by the influence of example and kindness. On the Mississippi, at Detroit, Montreal and Quebec, are still to be seen the few and solitary examples of white men and Indians having lived in near neighborhood and constant intercourse with each other, without that sad and apparently mysterious result which, every where else on this great continent, has followed the association; I mean the sure and slow extinction of the latter. Much of this is owing to courtesy, much to the sober habits of the French, and much more perhaps to the influence of a religion, which, though often calumniated, exer-

cises a dominion over the minds of untutored savages, at least far more powerful, and permit us to say, far more salutary, than has hitherto resulted from the influence of any other.

The French had settled at Natchez, at an early period after their first arrival in Louisiana, without opposition from the natives, who received them in a friendly manner, and, on one occasion, saved the colony from starving, by assisting it with provisions during a period of great severity. In the year 1723, the imprudence or cowardice of a soldier in calling out murder, and causing the guard to fire upon and wound an old chief, occasioned for a while an interruption of this good understanding. The Natchez retaliated by killing one or two Frenchmen, and attacking Fort St. Catherine; but the war lasted only four days, and, from that time until the period in which our relation commences, there was no interruption of the friendship subsisting between the Indians and the strangers.

The Sieur de Chopart had been displaced from the command of the post at Natchez, on account of his having committed various acts of injustice towards his own people, as well as the savages. However he had made a voyage down to New Orleans, where he boasted so much of his successful administration, and displayed such magnificent views of the future, that he completely imposed on the commandant general M. Perier, who reinstated him in his command. The Sieur de Chopart was a rare compound of vanity, frivolity, and courage, such as is perhaps to be found nowhere else but among his countrymen. He had a vast opinion of himself, a thorough contempt for the Indians, and had determined in his own mind to immortalize his name, by becoming the founder of a great empire. The Sieur was besides a passionate, self-willed braggadocio, who never followed the advice of any person whatever, and if you wanted to be sure of his making a blunder, it was only necessary to point out to him the right way; it was then reduced to a certainty that he would go wrong. He was moreover excessively vain of his person and accomplishments, and it was his firm opinion, that not one of the copper-colored ladies of the Natchez could view him with indifference. In short, nothing redeemed him from the penalty of being laughed at and despised, but his extraordinary contempt of danger. He was absolutely born without fear, and his courage was entirely distinct from the sentiment. It was neither the apprehension of shame, nor the love of glory; it was the total absence of a feeling common to all animals, except occasionally a *lusus nature*, like the Sieur de Chopart. A man may be hated, abhorred, and avoided; but if he has courage, it is impossible to despise him.

On taking possession of his honors a second time, the Sieur de Chopart determined to become the founder of a city, that should excel all others past,

present and future, and call it after himself. In pursuance of this lofty conception, he examined the grounds in the neighborhood of Fort Rosalie, but found no spot suitable to the grandeur of his plans and the magnitude of his city. The Sieur then extended his views beyond the grounds occupied by the French settlers, and at length fixed upon the village of the White Apple, distant about two leagues, and occupying an area of nearly a square league. The moment this magnificent idea came across him, he looked in the glass with special complacency, cut two or three capers, and sent for the Sun of the village of the White Apple to come to the fort forthwith.

When the Sun arrived, the Sieur de Chopart began to talk about the future glories of the empire he was about to found, and to tell him, how, in the course of so many moons, the white people would spread to the great ocean in the west, and drive the Indians headforemost into the salt lake. It was therefore but just and proper that he and his people should jog off in time, and look out for some other place for their village, for he was going to found a great city on the very spot. A cloud passed over the face of the Sun, when he heard this consoling prophecy of the Sieur de Chopart, and deepened into a thunder storm, as the chief listened to the satisfactory conclusion of this elegant harangue. The Natchez asserted that they were the descendants of the Sun, and in all North America there was not a tribe that held their heads higher than they. They preferred death to slavery in any other form than the despotic will of their chief.

The Sun of the White Apple, being, like all savages, a reasonable person, concluded in his own mind that the Sieur was one also, and that if he was talked to in a reasonable manner, he would abandon this gigantic idea of founding a great city and driving all the red men into the great salt lake. He accordingly quelled his proud indignation, and answered, as he thought very much to the purpose, as follows:

"Brother, my ancestors have lived in the village of the Apple, as many years as there are hairs in your long queue; it is good therefore that we continue there still."

The Sieur de Chopart waxed wrath at this non sequitur of the Sun, and especially at the allusion to his long queue, on which he most especially valued himself.

"Monsieur Sol," cried he, "if you dont remove from the village of the Apple in five days, you shall repent it, though you had lived there as many years as there are hairs in the tail of the great boar."

"But my brother," answered the Sun with great gravity and decorum, "when the white men came here first, they told us there was land enough for us all; that the same sun would shine on the red men and them, and all would walk quietly in the same path. Will my brother cross his track and tell lies?"

Here the Sieur interrupted him, saying there was no use in talking, what he had to do was to obey, and that would be better than all the argument in the world. The commandant then absolutely snorted with self importance, and went away without ceremony to see his pretty little Indian wife, and

astonish her with his gigantic views. Tellatee was the daughter of one of the chiefs of the Tonicas, and was known in the tribe as the Little Rattle Snake, on account of the brightness of her eyes.—The chief of the Apple village without any visible emotion, saying, with an appearance of great indifference, that he would go and consult his people, and hold a council on the matter.

He accordingly assembled a council of the wise men of the village, where, after a deal of long speeches, they agreed upon a representation to the commandant. Accordingly they sent him word that the corn which they had planted was but just coming up, that all the hens were laying their eggs; and that if they quitted their village now, all the chickens and corn would be lost both to the French and themselves, as the former were not sufficiently numerous to weed and take care of the corn. This seemed indeed a reasonable thing enough; but the Sieur was not a man to be deceived by reasons, let them be ever so good. His reply was, that if they did not obey and depart in the time prescribed, he would beat them into mummies.

Another council of the wise men of the Apple village was convened to consider of this alternative. One of the sages proposed that they should offer to pay the Sieur, in a certain number of moons, as many baskets of corn and as many fowls as there were huts in the village, provided he would permit them to remain to gather in their corn. The proposition was approved, and the Sun of the Apple again made his appearance before the mighty and potent commandant of a mud fort mounting three swivels. That august little potentate was pleased to accede to this offer, he being exceedingly fond of chickens and corn.

"But listen, Monsieur Sol," said he, "I grant your request, not out of complaisance to the corn and chickens both which I hold to be utterly beneath my regard, but from the affection I bear to my dear friends the people of the Apple, who have always been the very good friends of the French."

"Hugh!" quoth the son of the Apple, who, though he did not believe a word of this speech, received it with great gravity, and appeared to be highly gratified with his noble sentiments.

He returned to his village, again assembled the council, and communicated the result of his mission, which was received with silent indignation. After a silence of some minutes, the Sun proceeded to open himself to his people. He told them it appeared necessary to withdraw themselves from the tyranny of the white men, who, in proportion as they increased in strength, increased in their violent exactions. He reminded them of the war lately made upon them, in violation of the solemn peace which had subsisted ever since the first coming of the French, and that nothing was now left them but to take a bloody revenge, and, at the same time, release themselves from the payment of the unjust tribute which the commandant had obliged them to offer. This enterprise called for the utmost secrecy and the most consummate art, to cajole the French chief, and throw him entirely off his guard. He concluded by saying that the affair required some time to reflect upon, before it was laid before the Grand Sun and his council, and dismissed them with an assurance that they would

be called together again in a few days, to determine finally what was to be done.

In about a week he summoned them again, during which time the old men had consulted together, and come to an unanimous conclusion, to unite in the entire destruction of all the French in Louisiana. The Sun addressed them as follows:

"You have had full time to consider the proposal I made you some time ago. I therefore desire you to suggest the best means of getting rid of these bad neighbors."

The oldest man then rose and spoke to the following effect:

"We have long seen that the neighborhood of the French does us more harm than good. We who are old men know this; but the young men are blind and see it not. The wares of the French yield great pleasure to the young people; but what do they do but debauch the young women with the love of trinkets, and taint the blood of the nation, and make them vain and idle! It is the same with the young men; and the married men must work hard to maintain their families, and enable the children to dress fine and do nothing. Before the French came we were men, we were content with what we had, we walked every path without fear. But now we go half bent, we cannot stand straight, we go groping along afraid of meeting with thorns and briars, we walk like slaves, and shall soon be so, because we are treated as such already. When they are strong enough, they will be like wolves in packs; they will no longer walk in the night, they will attack men. When our young people commit the least fault, they will tie them to a post, and whip them as they do the negroes. Have they not already done this to one of our young men, and is not death better than whipping?"

He paused awhile to take breath, and then proceeded:

"What do we wait for? Shall we go to sleep, and when we wake, find that the white people have multiplied like mosquitoes, so that we can no longer oppose them? What will the Choctaws, the Tonicas, the Chickasaws, and the Padoucas say of us Natchez, who pass for the wisest of all the red men? They will say we cannot see as far as the ground mole. Why then wait we any longer? Let us set about freeing ourselves, and show that we are men who are satisfied with what we are and what we have, without working like slaves. From this day, let us set about it. Order our women to get ready our provisions without telling them the reason. Go and carry the pipe of peace to all the nations of this country. Tell them that though they are at a distance, they will take their turn when we are made slaves, and that the only way is, to help us before it becomes necessary to help themselves. Let them know that if they join us, we can cut off, in one day and one hour, all the French in the country to a man. The day shall be that on which we are to bring in to the commandant our corn and chickens, the hour shall be the quarter of the day. Let the warriors go armed, with their contributions, as if going to hunt, and so manage, that to every Frenchman in a French house, there shall be two or three Natchez. We will ask to borrow arms and ammunition for a great hunting match, to provide for a great feast, and promise to bring them plenty of meat.

The firing at the commandant's house shall be the signal to fall at once upon the French, and kill every soul—man, woman and child. Thus shall those who live in the great French village, on the great river down below, be forever discouraged from coming to settle here."

The old man then proceeded to disclose the particulars of his plan. He proposed that a bundle of rods, containing precisely the same number with one reserved by themselves, should be sent to each of the nations which should unite in the destruction of the whites, indicating the number of days that were to elapse previous to striking the blow, that all might strike at one and the same time. To avoid mistakes and be exact in pulling out a rod every day, breaking it and throwing it away, it was necessary to give these messages and bundles in charge of a person of great prudence. He ceased and sat down.

This plan was approved by the council unanimously, and ratified by the Sun of the Apple. The next thing was to obtain the co-operation of the Grand Sun of all the Natchez, together with the petty Suns, in which case the nations to a man would implicitly obey. It was agreed to keep the whole a secret from the women, not excepting the female Suns or princesses, and to be careful not to give them the least hint or suspicion of their design. The Grand Sun, or principal chief of the tribe of the Natchez, was a youth of no experience in the world, and had very little intercourse with the French; but the Sun of the Apple was, on the contrary, a wise chief and of great authority. He easily gained over the Grand Sun to favor the project.

He told him of the necessity of taking this decisive step, in order to prevent the total ruin and extirpation of his people, who otherwise would in a little time be driven from their ancient inheritance. That the plan was so well arranged, it was impossible to fail of success; and that the commandant of the fort was hated by his own people, almost as much as by themselves, and would in all probability fall an easy victim. As long, he added, as the Grand Sun, his father, and the Stung Serpent, his uncle, lived, the commandant of the fort durst not undertake any thing against them, because the great chief of the French was their friend. But he being young and unknown would be despised; his only remedy was, to assist them in getting rid of the French, in the manner projected by the wise old men.

The Grand Sun being thus secured, the plan was agreed upon, that on the day following the petty Suns should come in the morning, as if to salute their chief, who would order them to repair to the Sun of the Apple, without explaining himself to any one. This was accordingly done, and the eloquence of the Sun of the Apple easily wrought them to his purpose. A council of Suns, and aged persons of distinction, who could all be depended on, was formed; and aged warriors appointed on embassies, to bear the bundles of rods to the different nations, who were to join in the confederacy. They and the guard which accompanied them, were bound by the most solemn oaths, guaranteed by the punishment of death, not to disclose to any one the object of these missions. The ambassadors then

proceeded on their errand, without the notice or knowledge of the French commandant, or any of his people.

But notwithstanding the profound art and secrecy with which these proceedings had been taken, they had excited the notice, and awakened the curiosity of the female Suns or Princesses, who, by the customs of the tribe, had a right to demand to be informed of all the public affairs.

The young Grand female Sun was a girl scarcely eighteen years of age; she therefore had little experience, and took no interest in the business. But the mother of the Grand Sun was a woman of great cunning and abilities, called the Strong Arm, who had a high opinion of herself, and was offended at being kept in the dark. She accordingly sought an interview with her son, and expressed her suspicions, as well as her displeasure, at being treated like a baby, and thought unworthy of the keeping of a secret. The young chief assured her that the deputation of chiefs and nobles, was only to brighten the chain of friendship between the Natchez and some of the Indian nations who thought themselves neglected. The Strong Arm was not satisfied with this explanation, as she perceived no necessity for keeping such a measure a secret, and when, on the return of the embassies, a council was held privately, instead of in public, as was always the custom on such occasions, her indignation became particularly troublesome. She would have broken out into open reproaches, had she not been restrained by the hope of gaining the information she coveted, without coming to a direct quarrel with the chiefs, and thus perhaps losing all chance of getting at the secret which tormented her. But all her endeavors failed, one after another, until her vexation became extreme, and she was on the point of coming to a rupture with the chief, when, luckily for the French in Louisiana, she resolved on a plan for getting at the secret, which proved successful.

One day she prevailed upon her son to accompany her to a neighboring Indian village, to visit a sick relative, and that she might not want opportunity, led him far about through the most retired paths. On her way she took occasion to reproach him bitterly with the insulting secrecy he and the other chiefs had observed towards her, whom they had hitherto consulted on all occasions, and whose advice had often saved the nation from great perils. She insisted on her right as a princess, and more especially as his mother, to know what plan was in operation; and she added, that though she had once been the wife of a Frenchman, her own blood and color and kindred were far dearer to her than those strangers. He need not therefore apprehend that she would ever betray him to the French, if it was as she believed it was, against them he was plotting.

Stung with the reproaches which accompanied this harangue, the young chief replied, that it was not usual to reveal what the old men in council had once resolved upon, and that he, being the Grand Sun, the supreme chief of the nation, ought, at least, of all others not to set a bad example in this respect. Neither his own wife nor his sisters knew what was going forward, and it was no insult to her to be kept ignorant of what none of the princesses knew.

"But since," added he evasively, "since you

know the whole affair, I need not inform you any farther. You know as much as I do, and I have only to warn you to hold your tongue to the French."

The artful mother having gained the clue, then proceeded to unwind the web of secrecy, which the young man was too weak to hold fast. She was not curious, she said, to know against whom their plans were to operate. But as it was against the French, she was afraid they would not prove effectual. The French were brave and skilful and watchful; they could influence by their presents all the surrounding nations of Indians; and had resources which the red men were entirely without. She hoped that they were sufficiently guarded against all these contingencies.

The Grand Sun, being young and of little experience, and moreover anxious to prove that their plot must certainly succeed, now unwarily proceeded to detail the information she panted for. He assured her that all the nations in Louisiana approved the design, and had promised to fall on the French in their vicinity on the very same day, and at length communicated to her the secret of the bundle of rods which was deposited in the great temple in a situation which he described. The Strong Arm being thus informed of the whole affair, which she affected highly to approve, said no more on the subject. But from that time forward, she thought of nothing but the means of defeating this bloody conspiracy, without exposing herself, her son, and her tribe to certain destruction.

The Strong Arm had formerly been the wife of a young Frenchman, whom she loved with great ardor and constancy, and who was killed by the Natchez in revenge for the death of one of their chiefs, who was shot by a soldier of the garrison of Fort Rosalie. The Strong Arm never forgave her tribe for this; yet still she was the mother of the Grand Sun of the Natchez. The possession of the secret she had wheedled out of the weak and inexperienced young man, proved a torment to her. She loved the French, for her husband was of that nation; she hated her tribe, for they had murdered that husband; but she was the mother of the Grand Sun, the supreme head of the nation, and it would be bringing herself and him to disgrace, if not to death, were she to disclose the scheme which was now approaching its consummation.

Hesitating between these conflicting duties and feelings, the Strong Arm, at length one day meeting a soldier of the garrison of Fort Rosalie, desired him to go and tell the commandant that the Natchez had lost their senses, and that he must be on his guard, and repair his fortifications, and by thus showing his mistrust, discourage them from taking any measures against them. The soldier went and delivered the message, but according to the request of the Strong Arm, not as from her but himself. The *Sieur de Chopart* had such a high opinion of himself, and such a low one of his neighbors the Natchez, together with all the rest of the red men, that he treated this intimation with the most lofty contempt. He swore he would not show himself a fool and a coward, by either repairing his fort or taking any new precautions. He treated the whole affair as the idle panic of a blockhead, and concluded by putting the poor soldier in irons.

The Indian princess was exceedingly mortified, as well as provoked, at the foolhardiness of the fantastic commandant, and took the first opportunity of repeating the same caution, by the mouths of some young women whom she sent for that purpose. The Sieur de Chopart was too gallant to put them in irons, but he snapped his fingers, cut two or three capers, and swore that he was a match for the Grand Sun, the Sun of the Apple, and all the other Suns in the universe. "There is nothing to fear from fellows who wear no whiskers," quoth he, as he contemplated his gallant mustaches in the glass. After this the Strong Arm contrived many other ways to put the commandant on his guard; but, finding his folly insuperable, and that he resented all hints, cautions and inuendoes, as insults, and clapped their authors in irons, she, as the best mode of preventing at least the entire destruction of the French in the province of Louisiana, determined on the following bold plan.

The bundle of sticks, which was to regulate the concerted movements of all the confederate nations, was carefully deposited in the great temple of the Sun, and it was the duty of one of the wisest of the old men to see every day that one of the sticks was withdrawn from the rest, broken, and cast away. Her design was to abstract some of the rods, and thus destroy the concert of action, by bringing on the catastrophe at Fort Rosalie so much sooner than elsewhere, that the other French settlements might hear of it, and take measures for their safety. The task was one of great difficulty and danger, for, beyond doubt, a discovery would lead to her utter ruin. Circumstances favored her design. About this time happened a phenomenon that frightened the whole province, and drew the alarmed attention of the Natchez, who were even more superstitious than Indians usually are.

Every morning, for the space of eight days in succession, a loud rumbling noise was heard from the sea, as far as the Illinois. It arose in the west in the morning, and passed onward to the east; in the afternoon it was distinguished returning with incredible swiftness to the westward. It seemed equally on the land and on the water; yet there was no agitation visible on either, and a dead calm reigned all around in every direction. This mysterious noise appalled the Natchez, and there were among them more than one old man, who considered it an omen to dissuade them from any further prosecution of their design against the French. Others again insisted that it was a signal for the destruction of the white men, vouchsafed by the Great Sun as an encouragement for his people to persevere. The coincidence, accidental as it must be, of great or singular natural phenomena with great moral or political events, is one of the prime sources of superstition. The mysterious noise was at the end of eight days, followed by the most furious storm ever known in Louisiana. It lasted three days, and having arisen from the south west and north east, it passed over all the settlements along the Mississippi, being felt in some places, however, more than in others. Within the sweep of the hurricane, nothing was left standing, either of the work of nature or of man. The trees were torn up by the roots and shattered in pieces; the reeds, the grass, and the lowest products of the earth, were all laid flat to the

ground, bruised and destroyed. Even the tremendous current of the mighty father of rivers was stayed, and his tide, turning as it were back upon itself, raised the waters upwards of fifteen feet above the ordinary flow of the sea.

The high land on which the Fort of Rosalie and the surrounding villages of the Natchez were situated, saved them from the fury of the hurricane, which apparently being turned aside by the obstruction of the hills, passed just along the skirts of the settlements, and shook without overturning the houses. In the gloom and consternation occasioned by these awful visitations, while the fears of the Natchez occupied their whole attention, and confined them to their houses, the Strong Arm sought and found an opportunity of putting her design into execution. In the dead of the night, when the torrent of air swept by at a little distance, mastering every thing in its course, and rocking the fragile tenements which the Natchez had erected for themselves and their gods, the Indian princess stole towards the temple where the bundle of rods was deposited. There were neither bolts nor locks, for it is only among civilized men that the abodes of the deity need such safeguards. She entered the temple where all was dark and silent, save the distant roaring of the winds, and the creaking of the edifice. She groped her way to the spot where the Grand Sun had told her the bundle of rods was placed, and after a considerable search, at length grasped them in her hand. Hesitating for a few moments, between the desire of taking away a sufficient number to give the necessary warning to the other settlements, and the fear of leaving so few as to make the diminution apparent, she contented herself with withdrawing twelve rods, and was hastening like the wind towards the door of the temple, when her hand, not however that which held the rods, was suddenly grasped with a hard firm gripe. Not a shriek, not a word did she utter, and even the pulses of her heart were silent.

"'Tis the hand of a woman," said a voice, which the Strong Arm recognized as that of the old chief appointed to watch the bundle of rods and break one of them each day—"Who art thou, and what brought thee here?"

The Strong Arm had taken her resolution—"I came hither," said she, "to ask of the Great Sun, the protector of the Natchez, to preserve his people and their inheritance in this hour of peril."

"Good," said the unsuspecting old man, "may the prayer of the Strong Arm be heard," and he loosed her hand, and suffered her to pass on.

The Indian princess flew like the wind to the house she inhabited alone, and threw the rods into the fire which she had kindled, where they were quickly consumed. The next day, when the old chief came to take away another rod from the bundle, he thought for a moment that it had suddenly diminished; but it was a momentary suspicion; he neglected to count those that remained, and the deed of the Strong Arm was never discovered. After this she still continued to repeat her hints and warnings to the soldiers of the garrison, who, through apprehension of being put in irons by the governor of Fort Rosalie, never delivered her messages. She went so far as to assure the sub-lieutenant that the Natchez were mad, and snuffed

blood: but the infatuated *Sieur de Chopart* paid no more attention to him than to the others. On the very night preceding the attempt of the Indians, the *Sieur* went on a party of pleasure with several of his officers to the grand village of the *Natchez*, which was at some distance from *Fort Rosalie*. Here he danced and sung, and played off the most gallant evolutions, insulting the Indian warriors by swearing he would one day or other drive them like a flock of wild turkeys into the reeds, and provoking the women by divers antics, and unseemly freedoms of speech, as well as action. He did not return till daylight, when he received through the agency of the *Strong Arm*, certain intimation of what was just about to happen.

Instead of taking the necessary precautions to avoid the catastrophe, this infatuated man, flustered with the night's debauch, committed another imprudence to consummate his list of follies. He ordered his interpreter to go forthwith to the *Grand Sun*, and demand of him if it was true that he intended to come at the head of his warriors and kill all the French, as he had been informed. The *Grand Sun* swore by the *Great Serpent* he had no such intention.

"I knew it," said the *Sieur de Chopart*, when the interpreter returned with this satisfactory reply; "I knew it, and here I swear by *St. Louis*, and half a hundred other saints, if necessary, I will cut off the ears of any person that from this time forward repeats such nonsense."

At length the decisive moment arrived, when the old chief informed the council that he had broken the last rod. It was on the *Eve of St. Andrew*, exactly one hundred years ago, that the chiefs, having gathered the stipulated tribute of corn and fowls, proceeded on their way to *Fort Rosalie*, as if to deliver it according to their agreement with the commandant. They found the garrison without their arms; the officers, absent from duty, carelessly strolling about; and every thing, as it were, prepared to their purpose. The *Sieur de Chopart*, to show his contempt for the Indians, as well as for the advice he had from time to time received, had encouraged a total relaxation of discipline, so that even if the plans of the *Natchez* had not been laid with such consummate art, and conducted with such secrecy, they could hardly have failed of complete success.

The *Natchez* were permitted to come into the fort, and deposit their tribute, after which they begged the loan of arms and ammunition for the great hunt they were going upon, promising to share their meat with the French when they came back. The *Sieur de Chopart* was in such good humor at the sight of the corn and fowls, that he granted their request with the best grace in the world. The Indians received the guns, and loaded them without exciting the least suspicion.

It is a curious historical fact, that among those who engaged in this conspiracy, there was but one man that was not a chief. The whole scheme had been kept secret, not only from the women, but from the common people likewise; and the reason of this single exception was, that the chiefs had such an utter contempt for the *Sieur de Chopart*, that not one of them would condescend to kill him. They therefore armed this man with a wooden hatchet,

and took him with them for the sole purpose of knocking the commandant on the head. The town and fort were now filled with Indians, with arms in their hands, thirsting for revenge, and only waiting the signal for the bloody business. The arrival of the *Grand Sun* and his party was quickly followed by the firing of three guns. This was the signal, and the answering shots from different quarters first roused the *Sieur de Chopart* to a sense of his consummate folly. Arming himself with a pair of pistols and a sword, he sallied forth upon his enemies. The Indians stood aloof, leaving him to the man with the wooden hatchet, whom the *Sieur de Chopart* kicked heels over head, with his right foot in a twinkling. He then discharged his pistols in quick succession, bringing two of the chiefs to the ground; after which he threw them at the heads of two others, with so good an aim, that they also bit the dust, and then rushed upon them sword in hand.

"He is worthy to die by the hand of a warrior,"—cried the *Sun of the Apple*, advancing upon him. A furious contest ensued, in which the *Sieur de Chopart*, being skilled in the management of the sword, would in all likelihood have come off victorious, had not the caitiff with the wooden hatchet crept behind him, and revenged the kick he had received by planting his weapon full upon the head of the *Sieur*, who fell to the earth, and was instantly despatched. His death would have more than redeemed the follies of his life, had not they proved fatal to so many of his unfortunate people. Of seven hundred persons, a few only escaped to carry the news to the commandant general at *New Orleans* who repented too late of his confidence in the boasts of the *Sieur de Chopart*.

The result of the affair, however, was fatal to the *Natchez*, who, after plundering *Fort Rosalie* and the houses, set them on fire, leaving not a single edifice standing. The other Indian nations to whom the bundle of rods had been sent, were extremely irritated at the *Natchez*, supposing they had forwarded them for the purpose of deceiving them and making them ridiculous. They determined therefore to revenge themselves the first opportunity. The *Natchez*, on the contrary, believed their allies had broken faith with them, and now merely pretended that their bundle of rods had not the same number as that of the *Natchez*. Thus a mutual ill will was generated; for it was never known to them how it came to pass that the confederacy failed. The *Strong Arm*, as may be supposed, kept her secret, and the old chief, who had encountered her in the temple during the hurricane, died in the massacre of *Fort Rosalie*, by the hand of the *Sieur de Chopart*. The truth therefore was never suspected, nor was the simple expedient which saved the lives in all probability, of all the French inhabitants of *Louisiana*, except those of *Rosalie*, ever disclosed until the whole nation of the *Natchez* had paid the penalty of the massacre of the *Eve of St. Andrew*.

Monsieur Perier, governor of *Louisiana*, determined to make a severe example of the *Natchez*, and taking advantage of the misunderstanding relating to the bundle of rods, engaged the *Choctaws* to co-operate with him in that object. A war commenced which continued some time, until the

Natchez, harassed and plundered by the Choctaws at length retired to the other side of the Mississippi, to the neighborhood of Silver Creek, about two hundred miles from the Red River. Here they were at length found by Monsieur Perier and his brother, at the head of a considerable force.

They shut themselves up in the fort they had constructed, and finding at length that the French were gradually gaining ground in their approaches, they determined upon the last effort of despair. They equipped themselves in their most splendid war dresses; painted their bodies with different colors; and made their final attempt in a sally, accompanied with howlings and horrible contortions, which at first struck terror into the French soldiers. They were however eventually driven back, and confined to their fort, while the French were finishing a battery for mortars. The third discharge threw a shell which fell into the middle of the fort, where it burst among the women and children, who set up a dismal outcry. The Indian warriors, seeing this, offered at length to capitulate. The offer was accepted, and after various attempts at delay, as well as to escape under cover of night, which succeeded with a few who joined the Chickasaws, the rest surrendered at discretion.

They were carried to New Orleans, where they were kept prisoners for a time, and afterwards sent to the king's plantation. From there, after being detained some time, the governor, not knowing what else to do with them, and being unwilling either to put them to death, or let them loose again to murder his countrymen, shipped them to St. Domingo. Thus perished the Natchez, the most conspicuous and the most civilized tribe of all those found in the limits of North America. The Strong Arm was among those carried to New Orleans, where she, for the first time, related the particulars of her various warnings to the Sieur de Chopart, and of her saving the lives of all the French colonists, but those whom the commandant would not suffer to be saved, by the simple expedient of withdrawing a few sticks from a bundle of rods. She was taken care of during the rest of her life, by the governor general, and died many years afterwards, lamenting that she could not save either her husband's kindred at Rosalie, nor the kindred of her fathers at the village of the Grand Fun.

THE EXPERIENCES OF RICHARD TAYLOR, ESQ.; OR, LIFE IN LONDON.*

CHAP. IV.

YOUNG MRS. ROBERTS'S THREE CHRISTMAS DINNERS.

THOUGH an old bachelor myself, I have always had a fancy for visiting new-married people. I cannot, however, pretend that I have been able to approve of above half the unions my young friends are pleased to form. But, whether I approved the marriage or not, where I liked the parties, and the deed was done, I have always found it pleasant to visit them, as soon as the first blush of the affair was past, and the sober household-moon rising over that of honey, or of treacle and butter. I like to look upon the first home, however humble, in which the young bride has shrined so many fond hopes; and to witness the effects of the heart-taught taste, which has adorned her bower in the brick and mortar wilderness. Then there are to be seen the little tokens of the affection and good-will of distant friends, which surround her like trophies and tributes. There is, too, the indescribable flutter of a vanity, now first divided between her own pretty person, decked in its bridal garniture, and her pretty sofas and window hangings; both repressed by the matronly dignity of a woman to whom belongs, of sole right, a certain number of silver spoons and china cups and saucers, and the whole consolidated by the awful responsibility of her who bears three small *keys of office*, and has a six inch account book, 'to chronicle small beer,' locked in a new rosewood eighteen inch desk, and who, you see by her face, nobly resolves to do her duty, as becomes a married woman, who has to spend money, and keep house for herself and another. There may be and there are many giddy-headed, shallow-hearted creatures, who feel all the vanity, with none of the tremendous responsibility of this condition. My business, at present, is not with them.

It was my good fortune, in 1821, to pay my devoirs to

* These delightful sketches are by Mrs Johnstone, authoress of *Clan Albin*, *The Nights of the Round Table*, &c.

three newly-married women, on one frosty October morning : one of them in humble life, the two others in what is called the middle rank of society. Of these marriages I had heartily approved one,—that of my friend Joseph Greene ; while I was doubtful of Mr. George Roberts's matrimony, and had openly disapproved, and so far as my advice went, opposed the wedding of Sally Owen. This Welsh girl was educated in a public charity ; and, from ten years old to eighteen, lived first as an apprentice, and then a voluntary servant, under the same roof with myself, enjoying in her early discipline the vigilant superintendence of notable Nurse Wilks. From our abode she went into a better, that is to say, a more lucrative service ; but our house she considered her home—her rendezvous on *her day-out*, and in all seasons of trial and difficulty. While with us, Sally was chiefly noticeable as a well-tempered, industrious girl, who cheerily scrubbed and dusted all day, and sang like a lark, ' Far beyond the mountains,' and other Welsh airs. In her new service she became more prudent and less girlish, which increased my concern, when she came formally to announce her marriage. No folly, that girls like her can possibly commit in the way of matrimony, will ever excite my surprise. Her intended husband was a boot-maker. He could make his couple of guineas a week, *if he liked to keep steady* ; and needed never be out of employment *if he chose to work*. *Its* and *but*s spoil many a good charter ; and it proved so with Sally Owen, who wept all night over my warnings and Nurse Wilks's scolding prophecies, and married in the morning in very tolerable spirits.

This was all past by two months or more, and I visited her tidy single room, not to hear more of her husband's faults, but much better pleased to listen to her shy praise of his kindness and *steadiness* ; and that in one week he had earned fifty shillings ! and placed it in her hand. I hoped she would take care of it, and so with good wishes embodying good advice, I left my compliments for Mr. Hardy, the extraordinary boot-maker, who could work miracles when he liked ; and placed my gift of Franklin's life on a little rack above Sally's drawers.

Joseph Greene was a member of the Society of Friends. He was the eldest son of my old friend Joseph Greene, the draper, to whose long established business he had lately succeeded. About the same time a courtship, if such it might be called, of some three or four year's duration, had been brought

to a close by Joseph's marrying, with the full approbation of all concerned, the eldest daughter of a cloth manufacturer in Yorkshire, who I need not say was a member of the same society. The fair quaker I found endowed with a competent share of the comely and intelligent looks which distinguish the females of her beneficent sect. I was pleased with her manners, her conversation, her comfortable and well arranged abode ; pleased, but not yet particularly interested, nor the least charmed. Perhaps I was too late of paying my marriage visit to this serenely sensible person, who, for aught that I saw, might have been married for seven years.

So far as human beings may dare to calculate on the course of human events, it was clear that this was to be a *soberly* happy couple, and theirs a flourishing household, established on the sure basis of prudence, mutual esteem, rational affection, competence of the means of a moderate life, perhaps a little romantic *love* also, though for this last I cannot affirm ; but certainly with a deep and holy sense of the duties and claims of the condition upon which they had deliberately entered, obtained by the discipline of a life, and enforced by the customs of their sect, and the sanctions of their peculiar institutions. Chance had thrown my third bride into the next door of the neat row of new houses, one of which, while their house was building, formed the temporary abode of Joseph and Rachel Greene. She was now the two months' wife of Mr. George Roberts, my brother's confidential clerk, whom I had known from a foolish boy, who had, indeed, grown up with and among us. He was now neither a fool nor a boy ; he was, instead, a sensible and singularly acute fellow, above thirty ; yet it had pleased him to fall in love, in the previous month of July, with a very pretty young woman, a governess in a school at Hastings, to whom he had carried a letter, and whom he had seen afterwards at church, and met two or three times during his sea-side sojourn. My brother and his wife, to whom Roberts was more than an ordinary *attaché*, thought the thing a more ' foolish affair ' than they might have done some twenty years before ; but Roberts had certainly a right to please himself,—which he did by marrying at Michaelmas, and, laying out his savings and a little more in furnishing smartly the house next door, as I have said, to Joseph Greene. He insisted that I should come to see, he did not exactly say, admire *his* wife and *his* house ; and I complied willingly. I had already seen

her at a party given by my sister, in honor of the 'foolish marriage.' She was a lively, and almost a handsome, black-eyed girl, about twenty ; and if not what ladies would allow to be a fashionable looking, she was at least showy and dressy ; vain enough quite, and occasionally affected in her manners, though not yet wholly encrusted with either the scruf sugar-work or frost-work of an incurable affectation. Although the assumed fine *personage* would rise, and obtrusively come between one and the natural lady, it was not yet difficult to doff the shadow aside and come at the true woman.

Mrs. George Roberts, like, I fear, ten thousand others of my country-women, had married with little more knowledge of the duties of her new condition, than belonged to the marriage dresses, the cake and cards, her ring, at which she glanced fifty times by the hour, her bracelets and combs, and other paraphernalia of her rank and state. Yet there was occasionally that about her which did not show a woman to whom nature had denied either heart or mind, and I hoped she had fallen into tolerably good hands.

In those digital acquirements, named accomplishments, young Mrs. Roberts was no mean proficient. She also read French and a little Italian, and had a natural talent for music, and, moreover, an ill-toned, brass-mounted, new cabinet piano-forte, which formed the principal ornament of the small drawing-room, into which I was ushered, by a fluttering girl in a wedding cap and top-knot. It was a temple worthy of the goddess ; yet the general effect at this time, while everything wore the gloss and freshness of novelty, was airy, and so to speak, *tasteful*—*French*, or Anglo-Gallican ; and I suppressed the cynical idea, forced by an involuntary comparison of this apartment, with Rachel Greene's roomy bed-chamber, on the other side of the party-wall,—and the question, 'How will all these *flimsies* look two years hence,—mistress included ?' At present all was glittering if not golden ; and 'brightly blue' muslin draperies, coarse gilding and lacker, and spider-limbed, crazy jointed chairs and sofas,—painted and varnished imitations of expensive woods,—made up the inventory, and—all obtained at prodigious bargains !

'As we can't afford to give many dinner parties, it don't much signify for the dining parlor,' said George, with the prudent air so becoming in a young husband. 'And as we have only a limited sum to lay out in furniture, we have made

anything do for the family room down stairs, to have this one nice for Maria's little parties.'

'But where the deuce are you to sleep?—This is your neighbor Greene's chamber through the wall there. Is your house larger?'

'Self-same every way—but the Greenes have no drawing-room—there is a very good small antechamber—what signifies where people sleep?'

'Then this is the *show-room*. It really looks pretty to-day—*humph*.'

'It was so good of Mr. Roberts to leave the decorating of this apartment to myself,' said the bride. 'I so love a bright, delicate, pale, but not too pale, blue.' We all looked around us admiringly at chairs, and squabs and pillows, all 'beautifully, brightly blue,' and at the flowered muslin curtains bordered with blue, and at everything festooned with bunches of 'bonny blue ribbons,' even to Maria's dark hair. On her varnished work-table, with its blue silk bag, were blue bell-ropes, the twisting and twining of which formed her present employment. On other tables were volumes of neatly bound little books, and vases of artificial flowers, and cards of wedding guests; and the chimney piece was profuse of 'ladies' work,' in its numerous conceits, and flimsy varieties. But the most striking, and to me the most provoking part of the details, was the small portable grate, placed within a large new, bronzed, and lackered one, in which smouldered and smoked a few small coal, contrasting dismally with the clear-burning fire, and cheerful fire-side, I had on this chill, lowering day, left in the next house. I am not yet done with these details. Upon the spider-legged work-table, which a puff of air might have overturned, lay the lady's cambric-laced pocket handkerchief, bordered by her nicely clean French gloves, which had been taken off that she might prosecute the bell-pull industry; and on the handkerchief, a very pretty purse made of gold and purple twist, with a rich clasp and tassel; half-sovereigns and sixpences glancing brightly through, ready to start forth, prompt to do the behests of the fair owner as long as they lasted. I had no right nor wish to be *sulky*, nor yet to anticipate evil. There was nothing positively wrong, though there might be indications of excess of right. There certainly was nothing irreclaimable, nothing that a year's *tear and wear*, with its attendant experience, might not rectify. My friend George was so evi-

dently delighted and charmed with his wife, his house, his domestic happiness and good fortune, that I could not be otherwise. I could also see that the household virtues, with their concomitant vices, were budding already in the thoughtful heart of his bride.

I would have been content with something quieter this morning than the lilac silk frock, one of the principal bridal dresses and my brother's present, put on to do me honor ; but then the motive was so good. Mrs. Roberts was already half aware that frugality was a *virtue*, hence the *bad* fire—and, industry a *duty*, hence the blue bell-roping, till the poor girl was herself blue with cold.

‘ You have been calling on our neighbor, Mrs. Greene,’ said Roberts.’

‘ Is she so very pretty ! ’ inquired the lady. ‘ The quaker ladies are all imagined so handsome ; that odd dress of theirs attracts attention to their faces,—yet I am sure it is not in the least becoming.’

‘ Not in the least, only convenient, and *comfortable* as *clothing*. I wish their female costume were more elegant. But I beg pardon. My friend Joseph's wife is not *very* pretty. She looks the mild, intelligent, amiable young woman which I am certain she is. Her face is very *English*, both in features and in its serene beauty of expression,—the real, not the *beau-ideal*, English beauty of modern artists.’

‘ The quakers are not musical, I believe.’

‘ No ?—I am sorry they are not.—I do not mean exactly musical, that is now an odious hackneyed phrase ; but that those whom nature has attuned to the harmonies of sound, are not allowed to follow her bent. There can be no true wisdom in obliterating the gift of a fine ear, or a delicious voice, because it may sometimes be abused. Rachel Greene has a book-case where your piano-forte stands. I should like to see both where there is taste and leisure.’

‘ They seem to have very nice furniture ; very *expensive* furniture,’ rejoined the lady. The subject had become of importance to the young housekeeper, with whom sofas and tables were fairly dividing empire with gowns and bonnets, and threatening to subvert their reign.

‘ Perhaps the quakers think dear things cheapest. They have excellent, substantial, and even handsome mahogany furniture in sufficient quantity. This *tasty* little drawing-room

corresponds to their family chamber. They have no flowery muslin draperies,—gilding or imitation work,—black hair-cloth chairs, and couches; and window curtains, and carpets of some warm color and substantial fabric—I cannot tell you what all they have.’

‘And they have no best room,’ cried Mrs. Roberts, glancing round with triumph on her arrangement.

‘They have, and keep it for themselves,’ cried George, laughing. ‘That is so like broadbrim.’

‘I presume they may imagine themselves best entitled to the use of their own house. ‘Greatest, happiest principle,’—hey George!—Sleep in a dog-hole all the year round, to have a handsome apartment to receive one’s pleasant idle friends, once a month or so.’

‘One cannot do without *one* apartment to keep neat for company. Roberts insists on making this our ordinary sitting-room; but as it is fitted up that cannot *prudently* be.’

I admired the emphasis, and did not despair of Mrs. Roberts yet comprehending the true import of the word graced with it. Another trifling incident I noted. Rachel Greene had herself taken from her small sideboard the glasses and bright *salver* required, when the refreshment of cake and a glass of wine was offered me. She had but one servant girl, who had come up with her from Yorkshire. Maria Roberts had exactly the same complement of domestic help; but the temporary bell-pull gave way, in sounding the alarm to the kitchen for the supply of our wants, and considerable bustle, misunderstanding, and delay occurred, before the gaudy japan equipage was forthcoming. When I took leave, Roberts told me, laughingly, that I must come often to lecture his wife. I had a foreboding that the lectures might be required sooner than he anticipated. The question with me was, did Mrs. Roberts seem a woman likely to profit by elder experience in league with her own; and as I saw no reason to despair of her, but in her energy, activity, and liveliness quite the reverse, I frequently repeated my visits, and always found her busily employed in one useless way or another.

The first grand marriage-dinner followed close on the completion of the fittings-up, the covering of the ottomans with blue, and the suspension of the blue bell-ropes. I could not resist it. My brother’s wife, with prudent consideration of a very small house, took only one daughter to represent the five

who were to appear at tea. Mrs. Roberts had spared neither time, nor thought, nor labor. She had given her orders with spirit ; and freely drawn upon the thrice replenished gold and purple purse. The result was, every thing considered, and fair allowance made, a very *genteel entertainment*. True, we were sadly crowded ;—many things were forgotten, several lacked of the thousand-and-one articles necessary to English *stylish* dinners ; and there occurred numerous casualties. Several compulsory levies were made, during dinner, on the glass and plate stores of Rachel Greene. But, on the whole, though the thing did not work so well, where *hired* cook, *hired* foot-man, *hired* char-woman, hired every thing were strange and awkward, as where there is a well-drilled establishment, we got through the day, and night, without affording materials to Theodore Hook for a chapter on bourgeois pretension ; leaving on the field of action three imitation rosewood chairs dislocated, and two broken, many stains on the bright blue furniture, compelled for the day to do parlor duty, with a large lot of cracked china and glass, and several plated forks reported missing.

‘What’s the good of Roberts giving such expensive fine dinners?’ said my ungrateful brother, (who had praised the venison to the skies, and been helped twice) as we drove home. ‘His wife is but a child, poor thing, but he should have more sense. I must tell Master George this wont do.’

My sister made her ordinary good-natured excuses. ‘It was the first entertainment—a marriage dinner ; people must be like their neighbors.’

‘Well, well ; all very good, Anne ; but we shall see.’ What selfish suspicious wretches prudent men in business are ! James was already thinking of another clerk.

On my future calls upon Mrs. Roberts, I found her always at work, busily employed, as if for daily bread, in embroidering caps and habit shirts, or altering and repairing her own dresses. One day, in the end of March, as I find by my diary, I visited Mrs. Roberts, after having called upon her neighbor, Rachel Greene. Indeed I never went to see the one lady without calling on the other. Both appeared alike anxious to fulfil their duties ; both were economical and *industrious* ; but with how different an understanding of the domestic virtues ! Maria Roberts was, beyond all doubt, the most laborious of these fair neighbors. By twelve o’clock, or earlier, any day that I called, I found Rachel, all the arrangements completed that took

her to the kitchen, seated in her parlor with her *plain work*. All her work, I found, was what women call *plain work* : making or repairing useful garments—often of very ugly shapes—without seeming to consider that one kind of useful *seam* had greater pretensions to gentility or elegance than another. Her work was very often neighbored by a book; for, as she modestly told me, this year she had more reading leisure than she could in future look to have. At a regular hour she went abroad for her accustomed exercise, and generally brought home my friend Joseph to their early dinner.

‘How I envy my neighbor—her walking and reading leisure!’ said Maria, with whom I was now so intimate that she pursued her *ungenteel* work in my presence. ‘She looks always as if she had nothing to do—nothing to trouble her.’ The placid pair were passing, arm in arm, into their dwelling, accompanied by an elderly friend from the country, who had come on chance to share their family dinner.

‘Why don’t you make leisure—what are you always doing? Your family is exactly the size of Mrs. Greene’s; your labors are less in one way, for Rachel is a *martinet* about her house and furniture. She is making her new tables all looking-glasses. You tell me you have given up parties—what are you always doing?’

‘Doing! Mr. Taylor; I wish you knew the half of it; but gentlemen never do understand ladies’ work. I wish school girls only knew what married life is,—with a small income,—(a sigh.) I have not opened my instrument these six weeks; I have not looked into a book; indeed, I have given up the newspaper, it was so expensive, and such a waste of time, as Roberts sees it at his chambers. It is always *sew, sew, sewing*, as you see; but I don’t repine at this. It is necessary that I should be industrious, and I rather like it.’ And she pinched, plaited, and held off, at arms’ length, some part of the lilac silk dress which she was adapting to a new spring fashion, the garment having the misfortune to have been made in the extreme mode of the last October. I could perceive it was a tough job, and one which required both patience and affection for the work.

The flirtish form to poor materials lent,
And one poor robe through fifty fashions sent.

How much of female time is consumed in this way—time,

valuable for health for knowledge, for social enjoyment, for really productive labor is thus destroyed !

‘ Maria, when we obtain that nicely balanced constitution of king, *Ladies*, and commons, of which we have so often talked, I hope Rachel Greene, representative of the women of this district, will bring in a bill, decreeing that when a dress is once made in the proper form, there it shall remain till worn out, or at least till it require to be turned. I will have no remodeling, no adaptations to new style. How many mornings will this piece of gear cost you now ? ’

‘ Mornings ! ay and evenings, Mr. Taylor,—four or five at the least, I assure you. If I have it finished before Easter Sunday it is all I expect ; ’ and she again turned it over, and plaited away.

‘ Fit preparations for that festival ! Let us count the cost. Four or five long delightful walks in these bracing, invigorating, spring mornings—exhilarating to health and spirits even in London streets. A great many hours of pleasant, useful or serious reading ;—storing knowledge for future days ; ay, and several long evenings, in which you might have indulged your own taste and that of your friends with some very good music, which you can give them when you like—no lady better.’

‘ It is hard ! ’—(a sigh)—‘ But you know I work from *principle*—from a sense of duty. I can’t afford to pay a dress-maker.’

‘ Fashion anew a lilac silk gown from principle !—*Umph !* ’

‘ From a principle of economy, Mr. Richard ! ’ (peevishly)
‘ What can I do ? I brought Roberts no fortune—I must be industrious ; ’ and the needle flew, while the color rose. How could I be displeased ? I blamed my own severity, and gave her virtue the praise it merited ; for here was the virtue of industry, however unenlightened and misdirected.

‘ Your good opinion, I am sure, is very flattering to me. Mr. Roberts has told me so much good of you ; and I am so strange here, and inexperienced, that I am most grateful for your advice. I have been so much benefited by your conversation and knowledge already. It was you first gave me the motive to industry, by showing how expensive everything is in London.’

‘ I am afraid I have blundered exceedingly, or else my patient has misunderstood my directions. If this sort of work must be done, it would, in my opinion, be better economy, better

sense, better everything, to pay for it ten times over, than ruin your health, waste your spirits, and sacrifice the comforts of your domestic arrangements in this way.' Her color rose yet higher, as we both looked round the somewhat littered parlor, in which Mr. Roberts was in a short time expected to dinner.

My remonstrances were not yet of any effect. My young friend was acquiring a young housewife's passion for *work*. She was what the women call neat-handed. She was inventive, ingenious, and loved to be fashionably dressed; and her whole time was accordingly spent in fabricating ornaments for her own person or her house. Hannah More speaks somewhere of six weeks of the precious time of an immortal creature being spent in embroidering a child's cap. She should have said—not by a poor creature who, to sustain the life of her own infant must labor thus to decorate the child of some more fortunate woman, but by ladies commanding money as well as leisure. If Mrs. Roberts took not above a month to her christening-cap, it was because she was a very deft and indefatigable needle-woman. Hardly was she earning the praise bestowed by the good-natured of her own sex, of being a remarkably genteel, nicely-dressed young woman, and so excellent an economist! the ill-natured sneered at the foolish attempt of a person such as she! striving to appear like one of thrice her fortune; and they perhaps were in the right.

I have often been amused by the meaning women attach to particular words, and among others to the stern word *Duty*,—that principle by which the stars are kept from 'going wrong,' and households from being converted into dens of dirt and discomfort. One morning, on my way to Roberts' house, I called upon one of my numerous dowager acquaintances, to pay my respects to a niece of a certain age then with her on a visit. I pretend to some skill in female works, for which, with my learned friends, I plead the example of Rousseau. When I had satisfied myself, or at least the lady, about the astonishing progress made by her pupils in the country, to whom my sister Anne had recommended her, I examined and admired her work.

'And such industry, Mr. Richard!' cried the aunt. 'In the ten days she has been here, she has done as much as will trim five! and yet we go about all day.'

'My dear aunt,' cried the younger lady, bridling, yet with a modest, blushing disclamature of all superhuman virtue, 'I am only doing my *DUTY*.'

The *duty* was twisting tape into a zig-zag form, to make a railing for the bottom of her five new petticoats.

When I walked to Rachel Greene's, I met her at the door, going out to visit the infant school she had assisted to organize in this neighborhood, and which she anxiously and unostentatiously superintended. She invited me to accompany her, and I asked permission to take young Mrs. Roberts. I wished much that these neighbors were better friends. 'Certainly,' said Rachel, cheerfully; 'these visits will soon form to her, as they already do to me, a delightful *DUTY*. I have of late taken a great fancy to watch children. I wish friend Roberts and I were better neighbors. I used to love to hear her through the party-wall singing her hymns and psalms; but I think she has given that up.' Here was unexpected liberality. Perhaps Maria's music might be only Italian melodies or opera songs; but I was not going to tell that to Rachel. Maria could not go with us; she regretted it sincerely; 'but all this must be done before dinner.' She was making up a head-dress for an evening party—to save money—'You would not have me desert my *duty*?'

ORIGINAL.

THE FALSE FRIEND.

BY HENRY A. FAY.

AMELIA Dornton loved and was beloved by Edward Welford; but he had a rival; this rival was his pretended friend but hidden enemy, Frederick Nesby.

Nesby was wealthy and proud, nevertheless under the mask of kindness, he had lent Edward the means to establish himself in commerce, and to gain much advantage over him, had beguiled him into considerable speculation on the capital of his false patron. Edward thanked Heaven for giving him a generous benefactor, but Frederick's plans were involved in mystery and hypocrisy.

It was thus that Frederick and Edward became friends. Did I say friends? Never can malignity and goodness of disposition be bound together by the hallowed ties of friendship. They were mere acquaintances for a long time.

Frederick was misanthropical, though rich, and Edward though poor, out of kindness tried to soften him, and cheer him up.

Edward used often to leave the gay circles of those whom he loved, and whose genial souls beat to the same emotion as his, when his rich sparkling humor, his brilliant flashes of wit, and his enthusiastic beneficence shed cheerfulness around him—he left them to seek the gloomy Frederick, in his solitary haunts, to chase from his moody brow the shadows of melancholy, and endeavor to awaken into life his social affections, in vain his lively eye played o'er the dark features of his companion, his own vivacity was chilled before him, it seemed as if he cast around a pestilential atmosphere which deadened every feeling of joy in others.

It was not then friendship—No! it was the benignant mercy of a kind angel resigning awhile his Heaven, to call back from destruction an erring mortal.

In their early youth they had been for a short time schoolmates, which had kindled a sympathy in Edward's cheerful breast towards a person of such an unhappy temper as Frederick possessed.

The one was all life and boisterous humor, the other was silent, dark and solitary. Open as the sun was Edward Welford, scattering light and gaiety around. His indignation kindled instantaneously at a wrong, but like lightning, with the fleeting moment fled his anger. An injury pressed his mind like the dash of the oar in the wave, leaving no trace behind: but slight offence awakened Frederick's deep resentment. Like a barbed arrow, it rankled and festered in his feverish imagination. Their friends marked the difference of the two. One they feared as the future villain. On the other would have hung the hopes and delights of his happy parents, had they but lived to see their child grow up. But they were snatched away into another and it is hoped a more peaceful life, at a time in which the pecuniary concerns of Edward's father, Mr. Welford, were in such a state, that the orphan

was left penniless to struggle with a heedless, cold, unfeeling world. It was no wonder that Amelia and Edward fondly loved, they were made for each other. It seemed as if their minds were cast in one mould, together they wandered at dawn of day over the hills, and brushed the morning dew from the blooming rose. Together at evening they loved to trace imaginary shapes in the clouds and listen to each other's history of hopes and pleasures.

Frederick saw and resolved to pluck with eager grasp this beautiful flower, he assumed an artificial smile and concealed his views from Edward.

Edward had wished to be, as in the beginning of this story we found him, established in commercial pursuits, but had not sufficient money, until Frederick Nesby lent it to him.

Frederick the heir of immense wealth and possessor of much property, studied how to enjoy life, yet with all his power, he never could purchase to place among his luxuries, the constant companion of Edward, a contented and cheerful mind.

One evening Edward and Amelia were enjoying the refreshing summer breeze that wafted coolness through the wide opened window, and her fairy form was bent in an attitude of attention to her lover's conversation, when she suddenly started, her glistening eye sunk and her cheek faded. "Merciful Heaven!" cried Edward as he supported her sinking figure in his arms, "what has affected my lovely Amelia, so strangely? Did you not see it?" faintly articulated she. "See it, see what?" he added anxiously. "I saw him," said she in a tremulous tone of voice, looking out of the window apparently in great terror. "Who," exclaimed Edward fiercely, casting his eye round with indignation. "Frederick," she continued, "he crossed the street, shrouded in a cloak, his dark eye gleamed on you with a fiendlike expression, and I saw him knit his brow, do not return home to night, he intends something evil." "Never!" replied Edward. "You are mistaken, Frederick Nesby is my friend, he has no cause for enmity.

The next day Frederick arrested Edward for an amount he knew he could not pay without many years credit, and threw him into prison. The poor victim of misplaced confidence was nearly distracted at his misfortunes, torn from the smiles of his love, his hopes blasted by the very man whom he esteemed as his sole support in this world.

It had been told him that Frederick entertained a strong affection for Amelia. He laughed at it as an idle rumor, but his suspicions now being aroused, the full tide of his fate burst in upon his burning brain.

He had cherished philanthropy for all the world, because he believed in human virtue. Universal hate now swelled in his bosom, for he thought all were base as his enemy. Still he consoled himself with the idea that never could his affections be sup-

planted by a heart whose cruelty would be now made known to society.

He reflected that he had no friends to become bail for the great amount he was imprisoned for and ruin stared him in the face.

Alas! for Edward, now might Frederick in the free plenitude of his power wield the destiny of the man he hated for his excellence, now might he seek the company of Amelia, without being haunted by Edward's presence.

Oh! cruel law, which leaves at every villain's mercy, the hopes, the liberty of the virtuous, but unfortunate being, whose only crime is poverty, whose only guilt is misfortune.

When Edward heard the harsh echo of the sullen bolts as they grated in their fastening, he threw himself into a chair, and smote his forehead with his hand. "Good God!" he cried, "is it thus in this land of freedom, of that freedom for which my own father fought and spilt the blood from his bosom, that I am torn from my happy home and cast into a gloomy dungeon? Has every man that has cruelty and a debtor to exercise it on, the privilege to indulge thus wantonly his bad passions? And friendship, oh friendship, thou art but a name.

"A shade which follows wealth and fame,
But leaves the wretch to weep."

This morning I arose blithe as the lark. I gazed on the rising sun. I felt the glow of gratitude in my breast to that bounteous Providence, who had showered down upon me the blessings of health and hope, my heart dilated with fervid affection for all mankind, my enraptured imagination warmed at the enlivening visions of futurity, my hopes just embarked upon the wide ocean of life. Frederick, ah! then I said God bless him! for he has opened his generous purse to my wants. Through his aid I have engaged in commerce, and his promises bade me look for constant supplies. Wealth, cried I, will ere long raise me to a situation when I can ask Amelia to unite her destiny to mine, with exultation at the treasures I shall lay at her feet. Yes, she loves me, that heart which is the throne of purity, and affection, kindles with mine in the same warm and tender emotions.

Alas! and all these reflections were but a waking dream. Now my fond anticipations of the morning, are withered by the very hand which planted and reared them. And was it but to mock with fiendlike hate my sweet entrancing joys that he thus raised me to the pinnacle of bliss, to view me dashed down the precipice of despair. Ah! my beating heart will burst, but ha! Amelia in his power. He loves her! he, my rival, my only friend on earth to aim the deadly dagger at my life. What may he tell her? of debts unpaid, perhaps he may say caused by gambling, vice and dissipation. She may believe him. Ah! even now her lovely form may be smiling under his false words. My brain burns, and overcome with mental agony, he staggered and fell against the prison door.

He was soon recovered from his swoon by his surrounding fellow prisoners, for even the gloom of a dungeon is not too cold for human kindness to inhabit. With his senses, returned the careless mirth of the greater part of the spectators.

In the prison Edward formed an intimacy with a

man whose heart seemed to feel only the pleasures of life. It received no impression from grief or care. Gratitude to the benign bestower of all things, said his new friend, warms my heart; I forget what I have lost, which is my liberty for a while only, and I enjoy content and satisfaction with what I possess. If a murmur struggles to escape from my tongue, my imagination points to the victim of guilt who is just about to expiate his crimes in death, to the tempest tost being clinging in his last grasp to the crumbling wreck, to the disease chained mortal in the excruciating agonies of high inflammation—to the bereaved parent weeping over the corpse of an only child, to the wounded soldier, breathing his last, far away from friends, wife and home on the field of human slaughter. How enviable must my situation appear to one expiring upon the ignominious scaffold, in the frenzied horror of that moment, when the bright scenes of life seem to be closing around him in darkness forever! what a gleam of joy would lighten his heart if he could hope for such a fate as mine. Health itself is a gift without which nothing can be enjoyed, and its possessor is ungrateful to Heaven if he is unhappy. I possess boisterous health, and an unburdened conscience. That thought alone lifts up the ceiling of my dungeon and I see my kind father smiling on me from the skies.

Edward grasped his hand with fervor. "You are happy, and you deserve it—your cruel persecutors cannot sleep so sweet upon their pillow, as you do. Your genial flow of spirits even extends its influence to my withered feelings. There is, it must be that there is true friendship here. Because one fiend has crossed my path in the raiment of an angel, I will not be so unjust as to believe that all mankind are the same."

When the friends in misfortune separated, Edward's sorrows returned. In vain Thompson visited him frequently, and strove with songs and laughter to drive away his care. The arrow of disappointment had sunk too deep. He did sometimes hope that Amelia would visit him to cheer his loneliness. She comes not. And have my sunken prospects lost me her love to? The tears rolled down his pale sorrowed cheek, and he was choked with emotion. Oh! how awful is this silence, this sudden gloom which hovers around me, am I within the same city as Amelia, and she has forgotten me? He rushed into the apartment, where the licentious and thoughtless were drinking and carousing, with brandy, clandestinely smuggled into the prison.

"Fill up to the brim another glass," cried Edward to his noisy companions, as he heard the clanking of the chains against the outward door of the gloomy dungeon, which had just admitted and closed with solemn echo of awful security upon some new victim of misfortune. He snatched from the table; and drank off the overflowing goblet with the frantic eagerness of the bacchanal, whose heaven is the wild delirium of intoxication and dashed on the floor the emptied cup.

Ah! wretched youth. Have all thy budding glories thus been blasted by the hurricane of dissipation? Is the kindling flame of Welford's ambition extinguished in the poisonous cup of the debauchee? What fatal spell has degraded the virtuous sentiment

and the sparkling wit, which borrowed their beaming lustre from love, into the boisterous song of vicious boldness. Has this rude ruler of the desperate rioters around him, now like a superior demon, towering sublime in malignant, but keen intellect, been once the beloved form which the beautiful Amelia hung on with tenderness? Could a heart which dashes with tempestuous joy into the disgraceful and debasing pleasures which drown the senses and brutalise the mind, ever have cherished the tender emotions of kindred affections, and have his feelings ever flowed in the same placid stream with those of the chaste, the pure, the angelic Amelia? No! never. It must be impossible. But wherefore does his proud lip seem contemptuously to curl at his own desperation? Why does his eye seem to flash a virtuous detestation of his own vicious song? In vain he tries to stupify that noble soul, which mantles the crimson hue of shame upon his manly cheek. That rolling tear, gushing from his frenzied eye, silently, but mournfully betokens, that misfortune, broken friendship, and disappointed love, are tugging at his heart strings, that this amiable hope of his friends has thrown himself down the precipice of despair, to dash from his fancy the blasted flowers of hope which still haunted it. Yes, base and inhuman Frederick! thou treacherous friend, thou black and unfeeling fiend, who for the gratification of thy lust can break two such fond hearts as those of the lovely and blooming Amelia and the once noble, exalted Edward.

Behold the wreck of thy malicious and brutal passions, thou dost hope yet to triumph over the loathing of that gentle girl. Perchance thou mayest ere long, clasp in thy eager arms those fascinating charms which Heaven had made for another. That pouting lip may be pressed to thine, those fair, heaving little hills of snow, that tender bosom may be thy pillow of repose. But never with a willing step will she hasten to thy couch, never will her lively sensibilities in kindred joy, entwine around that hellish nest of wicked lusts which thy bosom encloses; never will she press her white arms around thy neck in rapture of delight. Can the lamb ever join its tender affections with the foul and hated ferocity of the hyena? Well I know, why that agonizing start of the unhappy Edward. The sweet but melancholy remembrance of his dear Amelia has for a moment beamed on his imagination a ray of past pleasure, as it lighted up and then fled from the dark chaos of his mind. He felt it in the midst of his inebriation, like the refreshing shower, to the parched wanderer of the hot, sandy desert. Let us turn from this melancholy scene to visit the lovely Amelia.

While the unfortunate prisoner bewailed the gloom of his dungeon on the second day of his imprisonment, his persecutor sought for an interview with the object of his wishes. He found her alone in her father's garden. She had just returned from a morning walk. A dew spangled rose which she had picked from the bush, seemed to blush in her taper fingers at the superior bloom of her freshened cheek. We could easily pardon Frederick whose heart could be touched by such beauty. There was something in her face that attracted the attention of every beholder. Her features were regular, her eye was not large nor full, but it expressed a melting

softness which thrilled the bosom of every spectator. Nature had thrown a witching spell around her slender form, which seemed to blend the air she breathed into love. Her auburn hair wanted in laughing curls over her ivory neck and gradually rounding shoulders; her melodious voice was inspiring to the hearer, when she merely spoke. But when it harmoniously breathed through the high swelling notes in the plaintive song, and died away in soft murmurs on the charmed ear, the listener seemed to catch some tones wafted by a zephyr from purer spirits in the sky.

She learned her lover's imprisonment from Frederick, but he artfully wove falsehoods with the thread of his story. He told her that lately he had seen Edward frequently enter a notorious gambling house, that he attempted to withdraw him from vices which he contracted there; that he played so deep that he would often lose all he possessed at the time; that he himself had lent him vast sums which Edward pretended were for the purchase of merchandise, to trade with, but which he had since discovered was only fuel to feed the flame of his dissipation. Edward, presuming upon his forbearance had even ungratefully robbed his desk of an immense sum because he would lend him no more money, that in hopes of saving him he had concealed the crime from the eye of justice, and sent him to the debtor's prison, where he might repent and thus become once more the useful member of the community.

Amelia could not calmly endure the shock which she felt from this information. The tears rolled down her pale cheek, and she fainted in Nesby's arms.

He bore his lovely burden to the house. Her father snatched her from Frederick, glancing upon him his indignant eye, as if he suspected she had been ill-treated. But when she was restored to her senses, she thanked Frederick, for his care of his friend.

This Frederick Nesby had been the aversion of Amelia. She feared and hated him. There was something repulsive about him to her gentle mind, and now, on reflection she began to doubt his statement about Edward, and she wished that maiden modesty would allow her to visit Edward in his prison. But day after day the perfidious rival attended on the deceived Amelia, and as the absent, who thus are not heard in their own defence, are at last thought to be in the wrong, it was thus with Edward. The many kindnesses which Frederick told her he constantly performed to the prisoner, gradually stole into her heart, and she was getting rid of her dislike to the speaker, because he was so generous to her unhappy lover.

She received a letter from Edward, and showed it to Frederick. "Base man," said Frederick, "he falsely accuses me of being his enemy, while I am keeping him from a career of crime. If he was out of the debtor's jail he would get into a felon's prison. As he robbed me, he would do so to others."

Amelia, for her own satisfaction, resolved to see Edward. But his enemy chose the moment when he knew from his spies upon Edward's conduct was the proper one, to confirm the tales of his complete abandonment of all moral restraints.

No friend visited the dreary apartment of the debtor, for adversity frightened off the boldest of

them. Although he had written Amelia, he had not been answered, and thought consequently, that she too had forgotten him, his melancholy thoughts gave way to settled despair.

One day, the door opened softly, and only just enough to permit a view of the room, to persons outside, without their being seen by the tenants of the apartment. Frederick and Amelia stood in the entrance. The object of their visit saw them not. She who once doated on him and yet felt for him, gazed on his flushed cheek, his haggard, glistening eye. She heard his voice whose former sweetness and rich harmony were gone, changed into the hoarse growl of rufianism, shouting the coarse song of the drunkard. And as he poured full and swallowed in frenzy a glass of ardent spirits, she sighed deeply and leaning on her base conductor's arm, returned home, and soon reached her chamber, where she bitterly wept.

Oh! Edward hadst thou not thought she had abandoned thee, thou wouldst not have become thus wretched. Hadst thou known she was near thee, almost breathing upon thy brow, how quickly wouldst thou have flown to her and told her the truth. But vice seemed to triumph.

Amelia now endeavored to tear his image from her heart, but still she hoped he would repent, and his rival's wealth and assiduous attentions could not gain her love.

Frederick saw her heart, and resolved to make her detest Edward.

"My dear Amelia," said he, "I have hitherto concealed the worst part of his conduct, his ingratitude to you, nor would I discover it now, were it not that I perceive you still cherish hopes of his amendment. But never can he be yours." She started. "What blacker infamy am I to hear," said she. He replied, "Edward never loved you. His affections in the same way once, appeared to be placed upon a beautiful, but humble female, but it was merely the enjoyment of a momentary and guilty passion that he sought. His presents, and his pretended devotion to her, won her heart. She relied upon his honor, and his promises of marriage, sworn before heaven, and—and—in unhallowed love he lived with her most extravagantly. The promised union was evaded from week to week, and month to month, by some idle tale of poverty or inconvenience soon to be renewed, until she became a mother. Her blandishments for a while entranced his mind, all his bliss was in her arms. But new flowers enticed him from the rose which he had rifled of its virgin sweets, and cold neglect left it to wither.

Chance made me acquainted with the affair. I found her deserted lovely form in distress, abandoned by her relatives. She lost all hope, the innocent fruit of her fatal confidence was happily taken to a better world, and had I not opened to her my purse, she would have soon slept in the cold tomb."

"Ah! wretched youth," exclaimed the sobbing Amelia, while she vainly struggled to suppress the anguished emotions which bedewed her lovely cheek with a tear. "How low hast thou fallen; what a pang hast thou given to this too susceptible heart. To-morrow generous Frederick, I will accompany you to the abode of this unhappy female."

The next day the villain had planned every thing for the visit. This pretended dear deluded victim of Edward, was the willing, and abandoned partaker of Frederick's hours of criminal dalliance. She had never seen Edward, but studied well the part of deception taught by her paramour. Amelia entered the apartment of the wanton, and felt her reluctant mind convinced of the truth she wished to disbelieve.

Her friends pressed the advantageous match with her new lover, as they termed him. They portrayed to her fancy all the joys of rank, all the blessings of opulence she would possess as the wife of Frederick Nesby. But the elasticity of her feelings had not yet recovered from the shock given it, by the unwelcome and soul-rendering discovery of Edward's supposed infidelity.

In the atmosphere of absence from the object which excited them, past recollections soon became dim in the memory. Thus Amelia daily recovered more cheerfulness, and Frederick's hopes grew brighter, while his malignant heart exulted in its success.

Among Edward's fellow prisoners was a sea-faring man. His name was Drewle, and there was much mystery in his character. Dark and designing, he was bold and little scrupulous about the means he used to protect his own property and person. After oblique hints, he openly avowed to Edward his determination to escape from prison if possible. If he succeeded, he said, he intended going to sea. Edward steadily refused to break the laws of his country, though in his instance so unjust, and unmerciful, however he might suffer.

One stormy afternoon, Drewle entered Edward's apartment and beckoned him to follow. He ascended the stairs with such rapidity, that Edward had no opportunity to question him of his intent. They were soon on the top of the jail, where the prisoners were allowed to walk. Drewle pointed in the rear of the building to a rope ladder leading to the ground, and descending motioned his companion to do the same. He recoiled, "now is your only time," cried his guide. "Come, we will be on the ocean to-morrow. One step is liberty, to retreat is despair." Edward knew not what he did until he was leaping the fence to overtake his desperate friend. In a state little short of frenzy, he followed Drewle into a house and flung himself into a chair. Several persons welcomed them, as if the event had been expected by the tenants of the house. They gave Edward no time to deliberate, but with him they entered as sailors on board the brig Rowena, lying out in the stream, and at daylight next morning, with a palpitating heart he leaned over the vessel's side, and bade adieu to the receding hills of New-Jersey and Long Island. When his reflection fully returned, a vast ocean rolled around him; no object in view but restless waves, which extended as far as sight could stretch, and the blue ether which bounded his sight. He threw himself on the deck and fainted. For a few minutes after his recovery, he uttered expressions which were the mercurials of momentary insanity. Rest and time restored tranquillity to his breast, and he could once more enjoy the sweets of liberty. He breathed the fresh air of the Atlantic, and he felt himself free. While walking along the deck, arm in arm with Drewle.

he asked him, "why do you have guns? I did not perceive till now that you were armed." "When we spy a sail my friend, then you'll discover their use," was the reply. "A sail," echoed Edward, "I did not suspect but what you were Americans." "There are some of our countrymen here," replied Drewle, "but as you see by their phizzes, every clime, and every nation has poured choice spirits into our brave band of heroes." "Are you commissioned by any South American Province, said Edward, beginning to be agitated and alarmed. "We are commissioned by our own resolution and ambition to punish the world for its ill-treatment to us," was the answer which fell like an ice-bolt on Edward's heart. "Good God," exclaimed his astonished and indignant hearer, "PIRATES!" Overcome with the unwelcome discovery, he rushed to the cabin, and throwing himself into his berth, he railed at his fate. "Then am I indeed wretched," exclaimed he, wringing his hands in very agony of soul. A Pirate! ah! Amelia now thou mayest forget me. I am deserving of all the odium Frederick can pour on my devoted head. Adieu! forever, happiness. Never can I hope to regain the esteem of my friends. What! I have friends! I—a debtor, a prison breaker, who sneaks like a felon from justice to become the intimate of Pirates!" His feelings were wound up to such a pitch of madness, that he opened the cabin window and was about to seek eternal oblivion of thought in the bosom of the sea, when the cry of "a sail" startled his ear, like the cry of "murder!" He resolved to live in hopes of saving some innocent life from the hand of the assassin. When he reached the deck he saw the busy preparations for battle.

"To arms!" was the cry. The topsails were reefed; each man was at his gun. The enemy bore down majestically upon her foe. The Pirate fired and was quickly answered by a broadside. Peals on peals rolled death and destruction on board both vessels. The splinters fell around Edward, but he thought not of his danger,—the deck was slippery with his companion's blood. More than half the Rowena's crew were killed. Through the smoke Edward beheld Drewle fighting desperately with a single man. Their swords flew about each other's heads, and each drank blood. The pirate raised his arm to give a deadly blow to his antagonist, who had slipped down on the deck, when a large fragment of a spar fell and prevented the blow taking effect. His antagonist arose and was about to plunge his weapon into his heart, when Drewle snatched a pistol from a fallen companion, and Edward forgetting for the moment the flag he was under, fearing for his friend and regarding only the imminent peril he saw him involved in, was about to thrust the conquering foe into the sea, when in that foe he saw the stately form, and dark, though now fierce looking eye of his inveterate and detested persecutor, Frederick Nesby.

From the sudden and violent agitation of the discovery his arm fell palsied at his side, his limbs were convulsed, and he saw Drewle reel with the deadly wound. The blood gushed in torrents from his throat, and powerless he rolled into the sea, which closed over his lifeless form.

The Piratical vessel surrendered with the few lives that were left. Scarcely had the prisoners

and their conquerors gained the victor ship in the long boat, when the Rowena with the mangled bodies of its crew sank with a fearful commotion into the bosom of the sullen deep.

Now Frederick seemed secure in the destruction of his rival, now the unfortunate victim of his credulity, leaned his head upon his hand, an object of stupid, calm despair. Thought seemed to have left his faded eye; feeling seemed no more to throb that once proud heart. A most ignominious death stared him in the face, as the vessel with awful speed bore him towards the altar of justice. In a few days the doors of a prison closed on him, and he was left to sigh the long night, and weep through the mournful day with criminals.

The story was told to Amelia by Frederick, in all its blackest hues. But she no longer felt even pity for the hapless Edward, whom she believed to have been naturally depraved.

Frederick visited him in prison. He immediately informed him, that if he would never return to this country, he would aid his escape on account of the pity he felt for him. The prisoner stared vacantly, and shook his head. "Be not incredulous," replied Frederick. "I have both the power and the will to relieve you." He started as from a trance, and kissed the speaker's hand. Intelligence once more beamed from his eyes, and not reflecting that if tried, his innocence might be made manifest, he threw himself upon the villain's protection. The False Friend proceeded. "When the officer is to conduct you to court, a man will attack him and you assist." He then made known to him a house where he could fly for safety.

The day for trial came. Edward was led by a single feeble man to court. When outside of the prison gates, a man rushed upon the officer who made a faint resistance; and Edward escaping soon found himself in the abode pointed out by Frederick. The next morning in disguise, he crossed over to New-Jersey unknown, and travelled on foot swiftly over its hills. Frederick had filled his purse with sufficient to defray his expenses for a considerable distance.

As this poor, trembling football of fortune paced his weary way along the road side, every noise he heard alarmed him, every horseman he saw, he fancied was in pursuit of him. Every eye seemed to his disturbed thoughts to watch him, and the idle curiosity of country honesty terrified his imagination with the idea of a spy.

Our wanderer had gone far west, at length he arrived at Detroit, where war had unfurled her bloody banner, and the citizens were in momentary expectations of a battle. Edward's money was exhausted: his fine person and martial form attracted the attention of the American force at that place, and he was induced to enlist as a private soldier. He changed his name to William Ford, in hopes that he might never be discovered.

The next day the detachment from the army consisting of six hundred men, some regular troops, riflemen and dragoons of the Ohio volunteers, took up their march, under the command of Lieut. Col. James Miller. At one o'clock on the succeeding day they met the enemy, after having experienced frequent false alarms from flying Indians.

The line of battle was formed, the enemy set up

a hideous yell, and both parties were soon involved in thick clouds of smoke. The discharge of artillery frightened Colonel Miller's horse, and he was thrown. Some Indians supposing him dead, sprang over the breastwork to take his scalp. Edward saw a tomahawk raised to destroy his commander. He presented his piece, and the furious savage rolled lifeless in the dust. The colonel was soon remounted upon his horse, issuing his orders, and the savages were driven back. Part of the army felt the deadly rifles of the enemy, every officer in front was killed, and a large body of men were fast retreating to join the ranks of the enemy. Edward rushed forward, seized the sword of a captain who lay a corpse upon the ground, and conjured the troops to remain and not desert their native country in the moment of need.

Encouraged by his boldness they rallied, and soon made the foe yield before them. Once he was surrounded by several Indians, he kept them at bay with his newly acquired sword, while their eyes glistened with rage, and their tomahawks hovered over his head. A savage wounded him severely in the temple. Two had already fallen under his powerful arm. He grew weak from the effusion of blood and fell. A third savage rushed upon him to scalp him, when exerting to the utmost his sinking powers in one desperate effort for existence, he drew a pistol from his belt and shot his forest born antagonist through the heart.

The British and Indians were thus driven like sheep before the pursuing Americans. After the battle, Edward was picked up by his comrades, they bore him to a tent, and soon restored his senses.

His bravery was the theme of every tongue, and he was offered a commission. He dared not accept it as it would make him so conspicuous that he might be recognized for the Pirate, and refusal might also excite curiosity and make his singular case too public for his safety. The officers at length however prevailed on him and he became their companion.

Wherever he went, whatever duty was assigned to him, he always rose in the esteem of the army. While his wound was yet troublesome he was on a visit together with others of the invalid officers to Niagara Falls. While hanging on the arm of a friend admiring the grandeur of the scenery, glancing his eye around on the visitors who were strolling about the cataract, he beheld with indescribable emotion, the lovely Amelia accompanied by Frederick Nesby. He put his handkerchief to his face and hurried home, complaining of sudden pain in his wound. Shutting the door of his chamber he paced the room in the greatest agitation of body and mind. Perhaps, thought he, they are married. Oh! could I but speak to her; but I dare not. Detection and death would be the consequence of such a revelation of myself.

Resolving to conceal his countenance as much as possible, he extended the bandage of his wound over half of his face. On entering the dining room he beheld the objects of his fear and anxiety, seated by the window. A person who was acquainted with them actually accosted Amelia by her maiden name of Dornton. They did not recognize Edward under his assumed name and in his bandaged state

and from the hoarseness to which he also artfully changed his voice, under the pretence of having a cold.

She is still single, thought Edward, with melancholy satisfaction; but why should that console my unhappy heart, and he felt his eye moisten as he gazed on that lovely form which he knew he had lost forever.

"Ford," says his friend, "I have just received a letter from New-York which details some interesting circumstances. Would to heaven I could discover the unfortunate youth, if living, who is mentioned in this epistle. I will read a part of it. As you like to hear all that is passing in our city. I will relate to you something singular." "Among a number of Pirates who were lately captured and confined, there was a young man by the name of Welford." The party all turned their heads hearing Edward start from his chair. He told them that his wound frequently caused such sudden pain. The reader continued, "it appears by the relation of several of the crew that this young man was entirely innocent. He had been enticed from the debtor's prison by a fellow who led him on board the Piratical vessel, without informing him what they were, he steadily resisted all entreaties to league with them, but being on board when the Rowena was taken, he was imprisoned with the rest. He escaped from his prison and it is feared from particular circumstances that he has terminated his existence by his own hand.

The officer from whom he escaped has confessed that he was bribed by Mr. Nesby a wealthy young man to suffer him to go. This Nesby was the lover of a young lady who was formerly courted by Welford, but the latter, the most virtuous being on earth being enticed to run in debt to the former, was by him thrown into prison. The information has come out that Nesby by his spies knew of Edward's intended escape, and he himself contrived that Edward should go off with the Pirates, and then pursued them in order to take Edward as a Pirate, and thus ruin him in his Amelia's eyes. He was sup planted in her heart by his persecutor, and they are now on a tour to the westward previous to their intended union."

The persons present at the reading of the letter, did not perceive till now that Miss Dornton, who had been leaning out of the window had fainted.

Edward tore the covering from his face, rushed to her aid, and she recovered from herswoon in his arms.

She shrieked at beholding his form before her, he kneeled and bade her believe that he had never been knowingly guilty of aught that would offend her.

In the confusion, Frederick had left the room. Edward soon found numerous friends, Amelia gave him her hand, while the False Friend fled from the land of his nativity, with all his guilt upon his head, and with loud curses and execrations upon his receding footsteps, to die, blackened with infamy in a distant country.

THE FATAL MISTAKE.

At the time when our gallant Decatur was driven into New London and blockaded there by Hardy and Cockburn, who were assisted by the treachery of tories, there spread an alarm that the enemy were about to land. The militia of the country were ordered out in all haste, to defend the coast. The order reached the quiet little village of Pleasant Valley, (a part of Lynne, fourteen miles from N. L.) at noon, and put it into a strange tumult of fear, anger, and patriotic enthusiasm. Messengers flew with the tidings from house to house : the village bell rung out an unusual note — and the cry of invasion, ‘like Scotland’s war-cross, thrown from hand to hand,’ spread like lightning far into the bosom of Connecticut. Among those whom the tidings roused to activity was the pride of the Valley, the young, the high-souled, the beautiful Ezra Selden. His heart bounded and his veins swelled with the exciting prospect of military service. He was in all the warmth and imagination of nineteen, and as he mounted his charger to ‘spur and ride’ with the summons—distinction, honor, glory floated before his eyes — unclouded by one thought of death. The valley troop assembled, and among them all not one was so ardent, so animated, so impatient of delay as Ezra. His appearance — the flashing of his eye ; the animated tone of his voice and the rapidity of his movements, were remembered and spoken of after the fatal accident which destroyed him. Such was the celerity of their motions that at night-fall they encamped at Waterford, placed their sentinels and betook themselves to slumber. Selden had however too much of the lion in his veins to sleep. He was restless during the night ; kept his companions awake and complaining ; and at last, towards morning, before it was light, however, he sprang up exclaiming, By Heavens, I can lie here no longer ; I will go out and try the mettle of our sentinels !’

In vain they remonstrated, he left the tent and took his way in the gray, dusky shades of a moonless night towards the outposts. It happened that the sentinel whose line he first approached, was the constant associate of Selden and a resident in the house of his father. Maynard observing the indistinct form of some one approaching, and believing that the British had landed, brought his musket to a level, and in the tones of defiance called out, ‘who comes there?’ The form continued to approach in silence.

Again 'who comes there?' Still no answer; a third time, and with the faltering voice of one unused to blood; he repeated the demand, and receiving no reply — discharged his arms.

Then came the answer in the dying shriek of Selden — 'Maynard, I am a dead man!' The soldiers gathered round at the report of the gun, and found the two young friends both stretched upon the ground: the one pierced through the heart by a bullet — the other almost heart-broken by grief — groveling the earth and pouring out the language of distraction.

The alarm of invasion was a false one — but when on a succeeding day the mourning soldiers returned to Pleasant Valley, bearing the body of their comrade, and the bell sent forth the funeral knell instead of the war tocsin — *one family*, a father, a mother, brothers and sisters, felt they could have experienced no heavier calamity: the village wept over the grave of their favorite; the old for hopes blasted and prospects obscured; the young for broken affections and severed friendships.

The calamity seemed the more terrible as for several generations the Selden family had almost all perished by unnatural deaths.

* * * *

THE FORTUNE TELLER.

A SKETCH FROM FACTS.

In ancient times, oracles were so ambiguously constructed as to have reference to an event, however it might terminate; and those who consulted them, ignominiously perished at the period they believed they were to be triumphant. Heathen ceremonies have passed away, and neither flights of birds, nor entrails of animals, prognosticate the good or ill success of modern enterprise; yet in the present day, when there is a light by which all may be directed, the infatuation of consulting fortune-tellers prevails to a disgraceful extent. In the metropolis they are numerous; the country towns have their soothsayers, and itinerant sibyls gratify the remotest villages, although to thinking persons fortune-telling is a subject of abhorrence rendered odious by being opposed to common sense, moral feeling, and the dictates of Christianity.

The practice of consulting these wretches is fraught with consequences the most deplorable. What mind can be more degraded than that which can solicit from a despicable being any information concerning its future welfare? The confessing, or relating to such creatures, any particulars of private import, is not only repugnant to every decorous idea, but is a revolting indelicacy, and a positive surrender of all that constitutes rationality. Who are the individuals assuming the possession of supernatural wisdom? They are robbers, in the worst acceptation of the term, whom the laws of the country condemn to the treadmill, and whom the intelligent portion of the community consign to infamy and detestation. If there be a designation more opprobrious than another, it is that of the fortune-teller.

The following sketch will show the sad result of placing confidence in their predictions:—A young female, of good face and figure, whose case, as we relate it, will hardly be credited, had been tutored in the accomplishments of schools, from the infantine seminary to the finishing establishment. And this was denominated education! She then came to reside with her parents, who were in trade, and appeared to her exceedingly vulgar in their assiduity; consequently no idea of rendering them any assistance ever entered her mind, because it was fully occupied in the fashions, which by adorning her person, rendered the grand desideratum—a husband—more speedily obtained. Her experience was deficient as her parents' judgment; she proceeded as she pleased, without the ability to distinguish between tinsel and gold; she was delighted with intermediate metals that glitter even in their baseness.

Amid the many young men that fluttered around her, one was imagined to whisper the softest sound of affection; to him she gave her hand in marriage but before her dancing shoes were spoiled, he, who gave her the right to be addressed as Mrs. Carrol, discovered it was her hand alone that he had obtained. He was dissatisfied; home was not what

his mind deemed a home; he sought and obtained an appointment, the duties of which required a long absence from England. The parting which ensued was mere commonplace—"Good bye—well, you'll write—farewell." From that hour her vows at the altar appeared to her as a circumstance to be forgotten, or, if remembered, to be considered as a farce.

The long separation from her husband, and his remissness in correspondence, induced a thought that he was unfaithful—perhaps was dead. If so, she would be at liberty to contract marriage with another, more congenial with her ideas of felicity. The thought that occupied her waking hours recurred in those devoted to sleep, and presented to her imagination, visions of happiness.

Mrs. Carrol, in the tumult of her anxieties, confided to an ignorant acquaintance her suspicions respecting her husband, complained of her forlorn situation, expressed her willingness to assume the widow's weeds in contemplation of a fortunate marriage, and as if a delirium had seized her, told her dreams and all her giddy hopes. The person to whom this pouring out of the heart was displayed, frequently consulted a learned man, whose intimacy with the stars was said to be astonishing, and whose knowledge of futurity was quite wonderful; but the delightful part was, that he never deceived any one who consulted him.

Mrs. Carrol was not proof against this means of ascertaining all the mysterious particulars connected with her situation, and she resolved to seek the fortune-teller. With a palpitating heart she witnessed the configuration of the orbs, and trembled while she heard the mystic numbers muttered, all of which led to the most satisfactory answers to her inquiries. She paid handsomely for the delusion and retired, believing her husband to have first married another, and then been killed in a midnight brawl; moreover, that there was a gentleman every way worthy her regard waiting to declare his passion for her; that he might be known by being a dark, elegant man, wearing a black coat, figured vest, and white duck pantaloons; that in her union with him, she would experience all the happiness of which life was susceptible.

All this was so charmingly in unison with Mrs. Carrol's wishes, that she could think of nothing but the dark elegant gentlemen, hourly expecting he would accost her. She studied how to render herself so captivating, that he must consequently sue for the celebration of their nuptials as early as possible. In her feverish anxiety for the fulfilment of the fortune-teller's predictions, she related all the particulars to a female friend, as a reason for the great change in her manner, and her unaccustomed lightness of heart, under the contemplation of so much felicity. This friend was shocked at Mrs. Carrol's conduct, and remonstrated with her on the shameless tendency of seeking such advice and the

disgraceful consequences that might result; but finding reproof ineffectual, she resolved on a different attack, since it was deplorable to witness such aberration in a friend for whom affection had been sincerely entertained. She therefore arranged that on a particular day Mrs. Carroll should be invited, and that there should be of the party three gentlemen, unknown to her, each dressed in the style of the expected husband; and all were previously informed of the particulars, their intention being to laugh her out of the absurdity.

Mrs. Carroll came early, displayed more than usual vivacity, and was witty on the sedateness of her friend. A loud knocking announced a visitor, and one of the gentlemen entered. Mrs. Carroll was surprised; he answered her eager expectation; she glanced a look of triumph at her friend, and prepared her mind for the development of the prediction. The gentleman was politely attentive only, but all was seen through a false medium; she was vain, and delighted at all he said. They were interrupted by the entrance of a second gentleman, a close resemblance of the first. Mrs. Carroll was astonished, while she received some compliments elegantly conveyed by this gentleman, and experienced great confusion in the endeavor to discover which should be preferred. Shortly after, a third gentleman arrived, who was beyond doubt the handsomest of the three; he immediately addressed himself to Mrs. Carroll, seated himself close to her, as if by irresistible attraction. She was confounded; she gazed at them alternately, and, in the vanity of her heart, determined this was the man. He appeared devoted to her, and gave such utterance of the language of the eyes as to become an ardent lover. In the over-acting of his part, he had induced Mrs. Carroll to consider that it would be contending with fate to delay her expressions of regard; she accordingly avowed her feelings, but in the height of her excitement the gentlemen ceremoniously took their departure. Such a catastrophe! The infatuated lady gazed wildly, and fainted. The party feared the jest had been carried too far; she was taken out of the room, and continued long in hysterics. Her friend paid her every attention, accompanied her home, told her of the plan proposed to show the absurdity of reliance on fortune-tellers; told her the gentlemen were brothers, and all married to most estimable women, and apologized for any uneasiness the jest had occasioned.

The circumstances became known, and, increasing as it spread, made Mrs. Carroll appear to be a lady of immense fortune, who was waiting for a husband to come in the particular dress, and accept both herself and her riches. This reached the ears of a dissolute fellow, who resolved to take advantage of such an opportunity to secure himself from the debtors' side of the prison. He lost no time in equipping himself in proper costume; and so heartless was his proceeding, that he wagered a very considerable sum on his success in a given time.

In a few days Mrs. Carroll was on the wing again, smiling at the evening's adventure with her friend, although the infatuation was as deeply felt as before. Against all advice she resolved on attending a ball given by a dancing-master to his pupils and their intimacies. Here the fourth dark gentleman found no difficulty in gaining an introduction. He

stood before her as if to claim her as his right, and wooed so effectually, that he succeeded in his villanous design. Immediately after their marriage, the remorseless scoundrel induced her to transfer a sum in the funds, on which her means of existence depended, into his name; after which she never saw him more.

For a time she subsisted on the produce of her superfluous apparel; then on articles conducive to her comfort; till, reduced to wretchedness, with a pride above soliciting assistance, she endured the most abject state of misery; till, with the desperation of a lunatic, she anticipated by suicide the effect of starvation—a melancholy example of reliance on a fortune-teller.

It is painful to reflect on the fate of such a female, more than ordinarily favored by nature, and having the comforts of life attendant on her will; yet, to disregard her respectability, and the advice of those in whose friendship she would have been secure, to surrender all, and adopt one of the grossest infatuations that ever enslaved the human mind, is an instance of depraved folly which it is to be hoped is of rare occurrence.

THE GHOSTS, OR NOCTURNAL PHANTOMS.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

THERE was a time when all old uninhabited houses, and particularly castles, were believed to be haunted, and a thousand tales told of the terrors and accidents that befell those who ventured to remain in them. But, gradually it was discovered that such apparitions and alarms were the effect of heated imaginations, or arose from some natural causes not adverted to at first, or from the plots of wicked persons, who contrived these means to keep those at a distance who might discover their evil doings. Now, there is no person of sense, who believes in such idle fancies, but still the old prejudice is not quite eradicated, and some such tales are related even in our days. The prudent and wise only laugh at them, but those who love to make a display of their courage, boldly face the danger they despise. But the example of the Duke de Villars, ought to be a warning to others not to be too venturesome, and to take proper precautions to defend themselves, against the evils which from natural causes, or from the wickedness of any concealed person, may assail them.

When the Duke was a young man, he was sent by the king into Germany on important business, and on his return was overtaken by night and an excessive rain in a poor village, where he could find no shelter but a miserable cabin. He saw, however, at a distance, an old castle, and as he thought it probable that he could pass the night there more comfortably, he inquired to whom it belonged and if he could be accommodated. The good people answered that nobody dared to lodge there, as every one was frightened by the strange noises that were heard, and the phantoms that were seen. Young Villars laughed at their simplicity; 'I shall be very glad to hear these terrible noises, and see these phantoms,' said he, and giving orders to his attendants to remain in the village, to afford still greater proof how much he ridiculed such follies, and having sent some wine, and had a good fire lighted, he took his arms and went alone to the castle. All was quiet till about midnight, when, suddenly he heard at a distance a confused sound of howling and cries, and a horrid clashing of chains. Villars, not at all frightened, took his

arms, and put himself on his guard. The noise of howls, cries and clatter of chains increased and approached. Villars still firm and intrepid, remained courageously expecting the issue; when, with a crash as if the castle were falling in ruins the door burst open and a monstrous phantom clothed in white, followed by four furies carrying funeral torches in their hands, entered. The phantom stopped a few steps off and turned to Villars, and cried in a deep and tremendous tone of voice, 'Rash mortal! thou who dares to penetrate into this terrible abode, go hence immediately, save thyself or tremble for thy life!'

'I tremble!' replied the courageous young man: 'thou shalt soon see, scoundrel, whether Villars can be made to tremble.' And without further words, attacked him furiously.

The phantom fled precipitately — Villars closely pursuing him. But they had hardly passed two rooms, when the floor sunk, the phantom disappeared, and he found himself alone in an unknown place, in dead silence and profound darkness. What was the terror and agitation of Villars in this horrible moment may be more easily conceived than expressed. He had not, fortunately, suffered any injury by the fall, but he saw too well, that thus entrapped he had no chance of escape. Having remained sometime overwhelmed by a thousand reflections he perceived at last a small glimmering of light through the crack of a door, that opened into an adjoining cellar, and heard a whispering that resembled human voices. He listened attentively and eagerly, and to his great alarm heard a number of persons consulting together on the manner of putting him to death. After various debates, which kept him a long time in tormenting suspense, he heard at last one of them say — 'It may be too dangerous for us to put him to death, he is a person of too much consequence: tomorrow he will be sought for throughout the castle and we shall be discovered; it is most advisable in my opinion to open the door and let him escape.'

Villars encouraged by this proposal, cried out — 'yes your crime would cost you too dear. I have letters of great importance which must be delivered to the King by my own hand; I have four persons in my suite, in the neighboring village; my death could not remain concealed or unrevenged. Open the door. I promise secrecy to you all, and a reward worthy of Villars.'

After a short consultation they then determined to liberate him, obliging him however to swear, that he would tell nothing, except that he had there seen and heard terrible things: and that he could certainly say with truth.

Some time after being with a few friends at his villa, a man, whom he did not know, appeared before him, and presented him two elegant and spirited colts. 'You are requested,' said he, 'to accept this gift, from those to whom you formerly promised secrecy in the castle, which you no doubt remember well, and which secret you have faithfully kept. They now liberate you from your oath; having quitted the kingdom and being in security, they have nothing more to fear.'

He then related what he had witnessed in the castle. The five ghosts or phantoms were five coiners of false money, which they and others concealed there: the sunk floor was one of the traps with which, in the time of intestine wars and petty tyrants, almost all the castles were provided. Villars happy at having escaped, always when he spoke of it, blamed his excessive rashness and gave himself as an example of the dangers to which inconsiderate courage may lead.

THE GIRL WHO WAS MARRIED TO THE MAN SHE DID NOT LIKE.

Our village has certainly produced an unusual number of remarkable personages, considering it is such a little place. I do not exactly know the number of miles it contains, but it goes to the further side of Shanabee-hill south, to the end of the Tacher-swamp on the west, to the pine forest on the north, and to the middle of the great pond on the east. Any one who would take the trouble to ride round in it, (no heavy trouble either, when the weather is fine, for the roads are excellent — being repaired every spring after the snow is gone) and look at the before named hill, swamp, forest, and pond, might form a satisfactory estimate of its size.

Many extraordinary persons have at different times appeared in our village, how many, the time would fail me to enumerate. It is singular that a spot thus distinguished, should hitherto have attained so little celebrity in a world whose susceptibilities are all awake to the curious and wonderful — but it is a little out of the way, and the world has probably, found other things to think of.

One of our remarkable personages was Phebe Felt, relict of Ensign Solomon Felt, the shoemaker and mender, who died many years ago. During the last few years of her life I saw her frequently, and with the history of her early life have become perfectly familiar, and therefore hope no one may question the truth of this tale, as I had it directly from my third cousin Hannah Barnum, who had it from the widow Jeremy, her mother's aunt, who had it from old Mrs Titcomb, mother to the Colonel, who is our head-singer and first militia officer. She, again, had it from Major Huntington the blacksmith long since deceased, in consequence of a rheumatic fever, who finally, received the account, by means of two or three of his friends, directly from the four Miss Babcocks' spinsters, who heard it from the lips of Captain Patch, the tailor, who was next door neighbor to Phebe Felt. Having thus taken unwearied pains to trace this story to its source, and feeling perfectly satisfied in my own mind as to its authenticity, I hope it may be received with due credence as unquestionable matter of fact, for very few people read a tale which they suppose to be fictitious, with the interest which they feel in a story which is warranted to be true.

The first time I ever saw Phebe Felt was at my aunt Barnum's. It was a snowy day and my home was distant from the school, so I went there to dine with Hannah, who attended school with me. While we were dining, Phebe Felt came in, and my aunt with true hospitality invited her to sit down with us, which she readily did. She was a plain tidy looking body with a very wild eye, which danced about incessantly from one object to another. Once or twice it rested for a single moment upon me with an intensity which made me recoil — but she did not speak to me. Directly she began to talk to my uncle about the affairs of Spain — 'of the old bigot Ferdinand who sat in his palace embroidering petticoats for the virgin Mary while the welfare of his beautiful kingdom was all neglected, of the glorious Riego, who fell a noble martyr to the cause of liberty — and then she told us of the barbarity of Gen. Morillo, an instance of which she related to us. I cannot vouch for the authenticity of the story, but she said she had just read it in the minister's paper, and therefore we did not hesitate to believe it. All public journals ought to tell the truth as, no doubt they do — and our excellent pastor, who is himself a model of veracity, would not certainly encourage or patronise any periodical upon whose correctness he might not fully depend.

‘Gen. Morillo,’ said Phebe Felt, “was sitting in his tent one day after dinner, when one of his soldiers brought to him a boy who had come to beg the life of his father, a guerilla captain, lately taken prisoner and condemned to die on the following morning. The lad threw himself at the general’s feet and entreated that he might be suffered to die in his father’s stead. Morillo listened very kindly to him, and seemed exceedingly reluctant to take his life, but inquired of him if he would give one of his ears to save his father. The boy readily consented, and Morillo ordered the ear to be cut off in pieces. The boy endured the anguish without even a groan, and then claimed his father’s liberty. “Stay” cried Morillo “are you willing to lose your other ear? otherwise your father will not be liberated.” “I have suffered much” said the gallant boy ‘but for my father’s sake, I am willing to suffer more.” The other ear was then struck off at a blow when the tyrant exclaimed. ‘The father of such a son is dangerous to our country. Let the guerilla captain be instantly led out to the scaffold.’ The poor maimed bleeding child rushed out to witness the ignominious death of the noble parent, for whose deliverance he had vainly suffered.’

We were so much affected by this melancholy narrative, that we burst into tears, and could not finish our dinner. One of the school-girls who was present, was so deeply interested in the anecdote, that she went home and arranged it in a dramatic form, for our next school theatricals. Our instructor said it was an admirable drama, and yet when it came to be acted before the whole assembled village, it did not go off with much eclat.

The next time Phebe Felt was at Deacon Haskell’s, whither I had gone on an errand for my mother. She was sitting by the fire, talking of the guilt and misery of this present evil world, the wars and commotions which spread desolation over its fair face, and the oppressive tyranny by which the sons and daughters of liberty are held in bondage. From this subject, she proceeded to the impurities of the visible church, upon which she descanted and enlarged until I began to think it was the very palace of iniquity, rather than the sacred and holy fabric I had hitherto considered it. Then she began to lament her own wickedness, and with streaming eyes and clasped hands, she bewailed her numberless and aggravated offences. I shrunk from her with horror. ‘Poor, wicked wretch,’ thought I, ‘what monstrous thing can she have done?’

But when she came to particularize her transgressions, I found the sins she deplored with such deep abhorrence, and so many tears, were only vain thoughts and feelings of resentment towards those who had cruelly injured her. These sins appeared so frightful to her, because she was mentally contrasting them with the infinite purity of him who has commanded us to ‘be holy as he is holy.’ The thought instantly occurred to me, ‘I have done all those wrong things, and a hundred more. She is not half so bad as I am.’ I was mournfully ruminating upon this subject for some time, and did not perceive that she had finished speaking and gone away — and that the Deacon and his wife had put on their outside garments, to go to lecture, until the former gently aroused me from my unpleasant, but really useful reverie, with ‘Ruthy, dear, did your ma’am *send you for anything particular?*’

‘Oh yes, sir,’ said I, starting up from the rocking-chair, and then hesitated, and finally, hung down my head, and was silent.

‘Well, dear, *what was it*, then?’

‘I cannot remember, sir.’

‘Oh, then,’ said the Deacon, struggling to suppress a broad laugh, which, in spite of his wonted kindness and sobriety, had nearly escaped him, ‘then you had better go home, and come again *tomorrow.*’

The former part of this suggestion, I readily acceded to with all my heart, but the latter was transferred to my sister, as I was too much mortified to carry the same errand again.

From this time, I sought opportunities of seeing Phebe Felt, and listening to her wild conversation. How much I used to wonder at her. She was entirely different from every body in our village. People said she was crazed by reading so much — and that it was trouble and disappointment which first induced her to seek consolation in books. In compliance with my often repeated solicitations, my cousin Hannah at length brought me her whole history, as she had teased it from her aunt, who always felt reluctant to look over old things. Perhaps there were twenty other people who might have told me her whole story, but being a little girl, I did not venture to inquire of grown-up people, unless they were my relations. How many good things I might have found out. Old Deacon Downey, who deceased very long ago, was possessed of an immense fund of local information. I heard a few of his good stories before his death, and regretted exceedingly that he should so soon have left us.

It appears that when Phebe Felt, or Phebe Brown, as she was then called, was about ten or twelve years old, her parents died, and left her to the care of a married sister, who was many years older than herself. Phebe was a very quiet, patient girl. She had always been told exactly what she must do, and what she must not do, and never thought of disobeying, or imagined that she could dissent from the opinions of those who took upon themselves the dictation of her conduct. She tended the children, and went and came at her sister's command, without ever saying 'I had rather not do so.' No one had any trouble with her, and every body spoke of her as a remarkably sedate and well-behaved young woman. When she had arrived at the age of twenty, her sister died suddenly, leaving her husband, and five or six great boys. It was a real loss to them, for she was a kind and sensible woman, and the son needs a mother's care, as truly as the daughter does. The troubles of life may break down the spirit of a poor girl who has no mother to support her in her heaviness, but the vices of this world come with more terrible power against the good principles of that lonely boy, whose gentlest, kindest friend is no more present to guide and watch over him in his hour of temptation, and the time of his trial and perplexity.

Phebe's heart was almost broken for the loss of her good friend. She had now the weight of household care upon her own head, in addition to the management of those lawless children; and when she would gladly have sat down to weep heartily alone and in silence, she was obliged to dry her eyes, and work, and scold, or counsel, as occasion might require. It was very hard, but she could endure it. A heavier trial was preparing for her, under the burden of which, her spirit was to break, and her reason to waver.

It occurred to Ensign Solomon Felt, at the funeral of his wife, that he would now be obliged to seek another to fill her place, vacated by death; and looking around among the circle of his friends, his eye rested upon poor Phebe, whom he mentally decided as his future bride and house-keeper. This decision was as full and firm as it was sudden — but the ensign was a calm, moderate person, and no *driver*. He never was in a hurry, but always waited for the proper time and place — so he did not mention his benevolent design to the object of it, until a fortnight afterwards, on Saturday evening, when the work was done, and the boys at rest, and the house still. When Phebe took her bible and sat down in the corner to read her customary chapter to herself, her meditations were interrupted by the rough voice of the Ensign, modulated a little to suit the occasion.

'Well, Phebe, we've had a great loss, and it becomes us to bear it like Christian people — but I've been thinking, that it is not good for man to be alone, and the poor boys need a mother to take care of them, and a stranger would not do so well by them — so — I have concluded to make a wife of you.'

Phebe started convulsively, — 'I knew it would surprise you a little, but

I don't know any girl that deserves a good husband better than you do. For you've always behaved well, as every body says, and I hope you always will. Yes, we have met with a great loss,' he added, as Phebe covered her face with her apron, and sobbed aloud in an agony of grief, 'but I hope we shall be enabled to bear it patiently — good night to you;' and he went off without waiting for Phebe's 'good night,' as he saw that she could not speak.

After he had gone out, the poor girl wept more freely, for she knew that no mortal eye would witness her sorrow. 'Oh,' thought she, 'is it not enough to lose my dear father and mother, and my dear kind sister, without being obliged to marry that old creature with his grey hair, and his red nose, and his green eyes, Oh, I wout! I *know* I wout! I'll tell uncle and aunt — and I know I wout have him.' She wept until her tears were all spent, and then she covered over the fire, laid the shovel and tongs down before it, to prevent its rolling out into the floor, sat back the chairs into their places, and retired to her little room.

The next day being Sabbath, no secular affairs were alluded to, Phebe avoided talking with the Ensign as much as possible, which he regarded as a beautiful indication of her maiden delicacy. It probably never once occurred to him, that she could feel otherwise than happy, and grateful for the honor he was about to confer upon her. He supposed that all women prefer matrimony to celibacy, and that the reason why some continue unmarried is, that they find no one to marry. The next morning he went away on a journey of a few day's length, but left a request with the town clerk, that his intention of marriage with Phebe Brown, might be made publicly known the same afternoon, as it was town-meeting day.

When the boys returned from school that night, Phebe was just taking in the clothes-line, for it had been a very good drying day.

'Phe,' cried the eldest, bawling at the very top of his real-Felt-voice, 'I say, Phe, are you a going to marry Dad?' She shook her head at him, but he continued shouting his ungracious inquiry until he came near enough to hear her indignant, 'No.'

'Yes, you be,' said the next, 'Billy Patch, says you be.' She told them to 'hold their tongues, and eat their supper, but they continued tossing up their straw hats, and vociferating, to the popular air of Yankee Doodle,

'Ensign Felt is come to town,
What d'ye think he is arter?
Come a cour'ing Phebe Brown,
Major Brown's darter.'

'What, have the young ones got the news so soon?' cried fat aunt Brown, waddling in, quite out of breath — Phebe, dear, what makes you in such a haste to marry? There is time enough yet — you ought to wait a'decent spell.' 'Oh, aunt,' exclaimed Phebe, weeping again, 'I sha'n't have him — and I don't mean to. I do'n't like him.'

'Not like him,' cried her aunt, angrily, 'one of the likeliest men in town — a man that's been faithful and kind to your sister for twelve years, Who, pray, would you marry?'

'Nobody — nobody in the world;' said poor Phebe, 'I know he is a good man, but I do not want to marry him, or any body else.'

'Nonsense,' said the aunt, 'what a fuss girls do make when they have a good chance. It's all a pretence, Phebe — You'd feel rather dismal now, if he should take you at your word, and let you go.' All the poor girl could say was unavailing — 'T was only bashfulness, and she would get over it by and by.'

Phebe had been from her childhood, accustomed to submission, unlimited, unquestioning submission. An overwhelming torrent of influence was now bearing down against her, and she felt that she could not oppose it. Her friends

were in the grave, and her numerous distant relations were all of one mind in regard to this affair. 'It was proper that she should marry the Ensign — she was a poor girl without a home. She could be useful in the Ensign's family, and nobody else wanted her. She was, to be sure, a little offish now, but she would come round by and by. Girls never know their own minds.' So the wedding day was appointed, and aunt Brown made the plumb cake. Poor orphan girl. She felt that nothing else was left for her but to submit, as she always had done so. She washed and starched her white cambric frock and muslin cape, and plaited the boys' ruffles, and put the house in order, as aunt Brown told her to do. She went about with a heavy heart, doing, as it were, mechanically, whatever her hand found necessary to be done, saying not a word, smiling never, and shedding not a tear. The boisterous merriment and rude jesting of the boys, affected her not in the least, and it was only when the sad hour arrived, when the company were all assembled, and she herself dressed in her finest apparel, with the new comb, and large, elegant, gold beads which the Ensign had purchased for her, looking more beautiful than ever in her life she had done, that she burst into a passionate fit of weeping, and refused to be comforted. 'Oh, Phebe, dear,' cried fat aunt Brown, 'you aint a going to spoil your eyes just now, when you want to look the prettiest.'

'I don't care how I look,' said Phebe, 'I do'nt think I ought to have him, and I don't mean to.'

Aunt Brown was in a complete puzzle. She adjusted her cap, smoothed down her dress, asked Phebe to tie her shoe, and was thinking what she could do to bring the girl out of her unwonted 'tantrums,' when glancing her eye towards the door, she suddenly exclaimed — 'Well, it's too late to repent when the devil comes, and there's the parson at the door.' Phebe started, but again the idea of submission occurred to her, and she suffered aunt Brown to wipe her eyes, and lead her into the room, where the ceremony was quickly performed.

Little Phebe Brown, the Major's daughter, had been a silent, gentle, and *submissive* girl — but Phebe Felt was quite another creature. She was now under the influence of a spirit of indignation and resentment, which no one could have suspected to be within that kind bosom, and under the long lashes of that mild, down-cast eye — but there it was, fierce as a catamount, and all her friends learned to be cautious how they encountered it. As she had timorously expressed her want of affectionate regard for the Ensign previous to their marriage, so now she scrupled not to declare that 'she liked him worse and worse every day, and not only him, but the boys too, for his sake.' She did not exactly treat them ill, for it was not in her amiable nature, to treat any one *really* ill, but she showed a total want of love towards them, and a disregard for their comfort. The house was no longer tidy and well arranged, and its inmates smiling and happy as formerly. The poor woman was not herself now, or rather, Phebe Felt was no longer Phebe Brown.

A sad time of it they had at Ensign Felt's for eight or ten years. Phebe had taken to learning, the Ensign had taken to melancholy, and the boys had taken to follow their own devices. Then the Ensign died of a consumption, the boys went out to work, and one third of the property came to Phebe Felt, subject, however, to the direction of Deacon Haskell, who was a truly good and honest man.

Phebe was now free, but her spirit was broken, her reason impaired, and all mankind and womankind hateful to her, because of their relationship to Ensign Felt and aunt Brown. She was a wretched wanderer about the woods and hills, avoiding all unnecessary communication with those who would gladly have shown her kindness — and seeking only in books the consolation for a wounded heart. It was not until her mind was

brought under the gentle influence of religion, (which I think was effected by the irresistible kindness of Deacon and Mrs Haskell, two excellent persons as they are.) that she forgave the dead the injuries she had suffered from them, forgave the world for the wrongs she had endured in it, bowed meekly to the will of her Heavenly Father, and was at peace with all.

If I have exaggerated or mis-represented aught that relates to her story, I trust she will forgive me now, for I loved and pitied her, was exceedingly troubled when I heard she was ill with a brain-fever and wept when I learned that her suffering spirit had departed hence. Why should I have wept, when so grand and glorious a change had come over the forlorn daughter of affliction! — Heaven is the blessed place ‘where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.’

RUTH.

The Looking Glass.

THE annexed remarks on a looking glass, made at an advanced period of life, convey a moral reflection, which if duly weighed, may prove a salutary warning against indulging those deceitful dreams, which too frequently grow on the mirthful scenes and careless indolence of youth:—This piece of furniture brings before me an epitome of my life. When I first looked on it, this identical article, being such as it now appears, presented to my view a rosy faced laughing little boy. A few years passed away, and it reflected the image of a growing, heedless youth, full of health, and exhibiting all the animation of joyous hope. At a subsequent period I again looked on it, and saw a man.—Boundless expectation had now been brought down to calm satisfaction. I had no further good to expect; the first throb of exultation was over, but fear and distrust were unknown. More advanced in years, I saw in it one of middle aged appearance, whose aspect was soured by the disappointments and vexations of the world, but yet covered with hope, and elate with conscious integrity. Now this object, which originally reflected my infant mirth, gives me to see a picture of declining life, a faded remnant of humanity, a living record of mournful error.”

‘I expect,’ said a young physician, on his way to New-York, on the breaking out of the cholera, ‘to witness a great many death-bed scenes this summer,’—‘No doubt *you will*’ said a friend, ‘if *you* get much practice.’

THE LOVER'S STRATAGEM.

A TALE.

ONE fine winter evening, early in the present century, Colonel — and his maiden sister, Patty, were sitting, one on each side of a delightful hickory, fire, enjoying their otium cum dignitate, without any interruption, for neither of them had spoken a word for at least an hour; and that, considering the sex of Miss Patty, was certainly very remarkable. The colonel was sitting cross-legged in a great arm chair, with his pipe in one hand, newspaper in the other, spectacles on—fast asleep. Miss Patty was moving herself gently backward and forward in a low rocking-chair. Close at her feet was her cat, while Carlo was stretched out at full length on the rug in front of the fire, and like his master—sound asleep.

At length the colonel, rousing from his nap, took off his spectacles, and rubbed his eyes, then glancing them at a huge pile of papers that lay on the table near him, said, yawning at the same time most emphatically,—“I wish Henry was here to help me about my rents.” “Well, I really wish he was,” answered his sister. “I can’t expect him this month, yet,” yawned the colonel. “Hadn’t you better send for him?” said his sister. Upon this the dog got up and walked towards the door. “Where are you going, Carlo?” said the old gentleman.

The dog looked in his master’s face, wagged his tale a little, but never said a word, and pursued his way towards the door; and as he could not very well open it himself, Miss Patty got up and opened it for him. The Colonel seemed perfectly satisfied, and was composing himself for another nap, when the loud and joyful barking of the dog, announcing the approach of some one, induced him to alter his determination. Presently the door opened and a young man gaily entered the room.

“Why, William Henry, is that you?” said Aunt Patty. “Henry, my boy, I’m heartily glad to see you,” said the Colonel, getting entirely out of his chair, and giving his nephew a substantial shake of the hand. “Pray what has brought you home so suddenly?” “Oh! I don’t know,” said Henry. “It’s rather dull in town, so I thought I would just step up and see how you all come on.” “Well, I’m glad to see you—sit down,” said the Colonel. “So do,” said his sister. “There, aunt, is a bottle of the first-rate stuff for you—and here, uncle, is one of capital Maraschino.” “Thank you, my boy,” said the Colonel. “Positively, it does my heart good to see you in such fine spirits.”

“And mine too,” said his sister.

Henry, anxious either to help his uncle or himself, I cannot tell which, broke the seal from the top of the bottle of cordial, and drew the cork, while Aunt Patty got some glasses.

“Well, my boy,” said the Colonel, whose good humour increased every moment, “what’s the news in B—? any thing happened?”

“No—yes,” said Henry; “I have got one of the

best jokes to tell you that you ever heard of in your life.”

“Come, let’s have it,” said he, filling his glass.

“Well, you must know,” said Henry, “that while I was in town I met with an old and particular friend of mine, about my own age. About two months ago he fell desperately in love with a young girl, and wants to marry her, but dares not without the consent of his uncle, a very fine old gentleman, as rich as Cræsus—do take a little more cordial.” “Why, don’t his uncle wish him to marry?” “Oh! yes, but there is the rub. He is very anxious that Bill should get a wife, but he’s terribly afraid that he’d be taken in. Because it is generally understood that he is to be the old gentleman’s heir. And for this reason his uncle, although very liberal in every thing else, suspects that every young lady that pays his nephew the least attention, of being a fortune hunter.

“The old rip,” said the Colonel; “why can’t he let the boy have his own way?”

“I think as much,” said Patty.

“Well, how did he manage?” said the Colonel.

“Why,” said Henry, “he was in a confounded pickle. He was afraid to ask his uncle’s consent right out; he could not manage to let him see the girl, for she lives at some distance. But he knew that his uncle enjoyed a good joke, and was an enthusiastic admirer of beauty. So, what does he do—but go and have her miniature taken, for she was extremely beautiful, besides being intelligent and accomplished.”

“Beautiful! intelligent! and accomplished!” exclaimed the Colonel, “pray, what objection could the old fool have to her?” “Why—she is not worth a cent,” said Henry. “Fudge,” said the Colonel; “I wish I had been in the old chap’s place—but how did he get along?”

“Why, as I said, he had her picture taken, and as it was about time for collecting rents, he thought it would make the old gentleman good-natured if he went home and offered to assist him.—And so, after answering all inquiries, he takes the miniature out of his pocket, and handed it to his uncle, asked him how he liked it—telling him that a particular friend lent it to him. The old gentleman was in an ecstasy of delight, and declared he would give the world to see a woman as handsome as that, and that Bill might have her.” “Ha! shouted the Colonel, “the old chap was well come up with. The best joke I ever heard of—but was she really beautiful?” The most angelic creature I ever saw,” said Henry. “But you can judge for yourself. He lent me the picture, and knowing your taste that way, I brought it for you to look at.” Here Henry took it out of his pocket and handed it to his uncle, at the same time refilling his glass. Aunt Patty got out of her chair to look at the picture. “Well now, if that ain’t a beauty.” “You may well say that sister,” said the Colonel.—“Shoot me, if I don’t

wish I had been in Bill's place. Deuce take it, why didn't you get the girl yourself Harry? The most beautiful creature I ever laid my eyes on! I'd give a thousand dollars for such a niece." "Would you?" said Henry, patting the dog. "Yes, that I would," said the Colonel, "and nine thousand more upon the top of it, and that makes ten thousand—shoot me, if I wouldn't!" "Then I'll introduce her to you to-morrow," said Henry. And so he did; and in due time they were married.

The Marriage Ring.

It is often interest which presents, and love which receives it. It must be acknowledged, to our shame, that in marriages for interest, which are numerous, the villany is almost always on the side of the man. A woman seeks less a rich husband than a lover whose love she may return. What is the cause of this difference? Because, generally, when a man marries, his heart has been hacknied in the ways of love, while that of the woman is still pure and untouched. The following is an extract from "Admirable Secrets" of Wecker: When the priest has united two persons, the husband, newly blest, gives to his wife the marriage ring to confirm the alliance. This moment is one of the greatest interest for the woman, and requires all her attention. If the husband stops the ring at the top of the finger and does not pass it beyond the second joint, the wife will be the queen and mistress of every thing in the household. But when a man is ungentle enough to push the ring up to the root of the finger, and to fix it himself in the place it ought to occupy, that man is and will be the sovereign lord and master of all around him. For this reason, well bred ladies take care to bend the ring finger at the moment they receive the marriage ring, so as to stop it at the first or second joint; and it is to this little artifice that they owe the pleasure of governing their husbands, who always however, boast that they guide their own vessel.

Lady Eleanor Davies.

THIS extraordinary lady was Eleanor Touchet, youngest daughter of Lord George Audley, afterwards Earl of Castlehaven. She married Sir John Davies, the eminent lawyer and poet, (who was appointed Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench in 1626; but, before his installation, died suddenly of apoplexy.) His lady had or pretended to have, a spirit of prophecy; and her predictions, received from a voice she often heard, as she used to tell her

daughter Lucy, (afterwards married to Ferdinand, Earl of Huntingdon) and she with others, were generally wrapped up in dark and obscure expressions. It was commonly reported that on the Sunday before her husband's death, as she was sitting at dinner with him, she suddenly burst into tears; whereupon he asking her the occasion, she answered, "Husband, these are your funeral tears;" to which he replied, "Pray, wife, spare your tears now, and I'll be content that you shall laugh when I am dead." After Sir John's death, she lived at Parston, in Hertfordshire; and in 1649, an account was published of her "strange and wonderful prophecies." She died in 1652, and was buried in St. Martin's-in-the Fields. •

Danger of Plants in a Bedroom.

ANIMALS, in the process of respiration, absorb oxygen from the atmospheric air, more especially during the day-time, which they return to the atmosphere, combined with the free carbon of the blood, in the form of carbonic acid. Plants exposed to the rays of the sun absorb oxygen and carbonic acid from the atmosphere, which they decompose, seizing upon the carbon and exhaling the oxygen. In the shade, or during the night time, plants absorb oxygen, which they exhale, combined with carbon. From this arrangement of Divine Providence, we find that plants vitiate the atmospheric air, for the use of animals during the night time, and ameliorate the state of the atmosphere during the day time. We ought not, therefore, to sleep in rooms in which plants are placed. We give this hint, as the spring with all its *agremens*, is now at hand. [It may be proper here also to warn our readers against the much more pernicious practice of keeping decayed plants or flowers in sleeping apartments, as, during the process of decomposition, they make copious emissions of carbonated hydrogen, a gas peculiarly obnoxious to human life. So much is this the case that persons sleeping in apartments where decayed flowers have been deposited, have frequently been suffocated by this deadly effluvia.]

Anger.

THE irascible affections, as respects others, are of all the most infectious, and ordinarily produce vehement re-action. Let them be directed against whom they may, they diminish the pleasure in serving the irascible person and with the diminution of the pleasure comes the diminution of the disposition, or the motive to serve him. But what is the effect on the irascible person as disassociated from others? What price has he paid for the short-lived pleasure of being out of humor. He has fluttered his temper; he has weakened his powers of judgment; his mastery over his own mind is diminished; he has lost time; he has lost influence; in a word he is left with a serious balance of loss.

It is perhaps not generally known that a piece of blotting-paper, crumpled together to make it firm, and just wetted, will take ink out of mahogany. Rub the spot hard with the wetted paper, when it instantly disappears; and the white mark from the operation may be immediately removed by rubbing the table with a cloth.

THE HALF SISTERS.

BY MRS. E. R. S.

"Ha! this is delightful!" exclaimed Frederic Morton as he paced the deck of the steamboat Phoenix—"what can be more charming than to be dashing rapidly through the waters of so superb a lake, and on so fine a summer's day!" Well might the scene excite the admiration of young Morton, for, there are few of our lakes which can boast of lovelier scenery than that which adorns the shores of Lake Champlain. It presents a happy medium between the magnificent grandeur of our inland seas and the prettiness of the lakelets of New York. To Frederic, it also brought the charm of novelty, and he passed most of his time, watching the fairy changes produced by the velocity of the boat, which with its star spangled banner slightly curled in the summer breeze, was proudly gliding over the clear waters as if conscious of bearing the far famed flag which waved over her; or perhaps amusing himself with forming some romantic cottage, on one of the beautiful greenslopes which gently fall down to the waters edge; or, more stately castle on the frowning crags hanging over his head—Whatever his visions were they were put to flight, and his attention arrested by a small but verdant island situated in the middle of the lake near to Burlington and which appeared to be inhabited. He took up his glass to be more certain, and distinctly saw a small white cottage in the midst of a grove of hemlocks. As the boat came nearer he perceived a female leave the house and seat herself near another who was sitting with her little work basket beside her, sewing under a tree. Our hero was in raptures,—there was a really romantic scene. He was sure the younger lady was beautiful, and he pictured to himself some fair recluse, or lovely orphan seeking an elegant retirement from the coldness of the world. This idea so charmed him that it occupied his thoughts until he arrived at Burlington. Frederic Morton was just of an age when romantic ideas are seized on with avidity, and the world still in its freshness and beauty. His sunlight of joy was not yet obscured by the mists of suspicion and disappointment. Frederic had nothing to feed romance in his father's counting house in New York, and now during this long anticipated visit to his uncle every thing of course affected him with double force. When he arrived at Burlington he perceived the tall gaunt figure of his uncle on the wharf ready to receive him, who exclaimed, "well, here you are at last, Frederic, I am glad to see you my boy, but what in the world have you been about, I have looked out for you these three last boats." "To tell you the truth sir," said young Morton, returning his uncle's hearty shake of the hand. "I have been rather slow in coming, but the scenery is so delightful, and I escape from the city so seldom, that I could not for the life of me pass it in so rapid a manner as those stages would have me and performed the journey from Albany here, in a gig, which I sent back from Whitehall." "In a gig did you!—it

must have cost you a pretty penny, however, young lads will be extravagant sometimes—but I do not wonder you enjoyed the ride, for although I am an old fellow I would put up with the inconveniences of travelling at any time for a fine scene, but come in, we are at home now, and to-morrow I will shew you all the lions of Burlington. After his arrival Frederic was occupied with visiting his uncle's friends, and the truth must be told—he utterly forgot the fairy island and its beautiful inhabitant, he did not think of it until he saw it before him. One fine evening after sunset, Mr. Warrington and his nephew hired a small boat, and sat out to row about the lake. The town appears very well from the water, and the court house with its tin covered cupola sparkling in the setting sun certainly presented a very brilliant appearance. They were slowly floating up the lake and contemplating the scenery when Frederic espied the island which had before attracted his attention in his voyage down the lake—he started up suddenly, exclaiming, "By George, there's the island," but he had scarcely pronounced the words before he found himself some feet below the surface of the water, for on springing up he gave the boat a tilt, which threw him and his uncle out. As they were good swimmers they soon gained the hemlock isle, and had thrown themselves on the grass before they could recover enough to know where they were and what had happened. When Frederic turned and saw his uncle's rueful looks as he tried to stop the current of water which poured from his lank locks into his eyes, he could not contain himself but burst into a fit of laughter. Mr. Warrington looked at first as if he had half a mind to join him, but his anger got the better of his risibility and he exclaimed, "you young fool what in the name of common sense are you laughing at!—I cannot I confess, see any thing so very ludicrous in being wet to the skin, and I should be truly much obliged to you if you will stop laughing and inform me what induced you to turn the boat upside down? If you preferred swimming to shore instead of rowing, you might have had the grace to inform me as I should have preferred to remain in the boat."

Frederic was endeavoring to control himself enough to make an apology to his uncle when he was startled by hearing a female exclaim, "Bon Dieu! what is the matter gentlemen? av you fall in the vater?" Mr. Warrington turned and beheld an elderly lady in deep mourning—he bowed to her told their adventure and inquired if they might procure a boat on the island as theirs was floating down the lake—the lady said her boat was at their service, but strongly urged their stepping to her house to dry their clothes, or allow her to send to town for some dry apparel. Mr. Warrington thanked her and with Frederic followed her across the island to a grove of trees, in the midst of which stood the white cottage. It was a long low white plastered building covered with the trumpet vine, which was

in all its luxuriance with its scarlet flowers, hanging in clusters around the windows and doors. The ground sloped from the house to the shore, and was covered with a rich short grass, and ornamented with large forest trees, which screened the cottage from the sun, without intercepting the view, embracing Burlington and the surrounding country. On a bench by the side of the door-way sat a young girl, but what she looked like Frederic could not tell, as the lady led them around the end of the house to the kitchen, where they commenced drying their clothes by the fire. Mr. Warrington's servant soon arrived with dry apparel and when their toilet was arranged they made their appearance in the parlor where they found the two ladies; the elder introduced herself as Madam De Landrie, the sister of Mr. Warrington's friend, Monsieur Daubisson, and the young lady as her daughter. Estelle Landrie was just the girl to charm Frederic Morton—she had a small but pretty figure, and the dearest little foot in the world—her eyes were cast down, and her mouth arranged into a very demure expression but the moment her long eye lashes were raised, one look into her dark eye told the gazer she was on her *company behavior*, for there was a merry archness in their brilliancy which would betray her to be one who is emphatically called, the *life of the house*. Tea was brought in, and Frederic smiled to see himself actually on that fairy isle, and beside the presiding spirit of the place. Soon after they left the island, charmed with the ladies, and having permission to call if they should be again rowing near. "I hope," said Mr. Warrington laughing—"I shall never make my appearance here in so awkward a manner." "But I!" said Frederic, smiling and bowing to the ladies, "shall ever think with pleasure on the manner however awkward which has introduced me to the inhabitants of this delightful island." "Dear me!" exclaimed Estelle when they were out of hearing—"what a fine speech! I dare say he was all tea time making it up." "Fie child!" said her mother, how can you speak thus—but what can I expect from one shut up in an American lake!—Ah! if you had been in Paris you would be used to compliments, chere France!" sighed the old lady as she took a large pinch of snuff—"when shall I see your dear shores again."

Madam Landrie was the wife of a merchant of Havre who met with many losses, which so injured his fortune, that he accepted the invitation of his wife's brother, who had lived some time in Burlington, and came over to try his luck in land speculations. Here he also was unfortunate, and soon after died, and left his wife and child to the care of his brother-in-law,—Mr. Daubisson died also a few years after, and left Madam Landrie, the island on which she lived, and a small income to support her. Here she, with her daughter, and two servants, had lived for many years, almost secluded from the world. Poor Estelle was doomed to many dreary hours, and her joy was therefore the greater when there was a prospect of having their solitude enlivened by the society of so agreeable a young man as Frederic Morton appeared to be. His coming was eagerly watched for, and his arrival hailed with such an expression of deep pleasure from those starry eyes, that Frederic's heart must have been doubly fortified to have come off scathless from their

influence. But young Morton desired no Aegis—he bared his bosom to meet the blow, and held out his hands to receive the chain. Frederic's first visits were after long intervals, then oftener, then every day found him rowing his light bark across the lake his heart beating with emotion and his eyes fixed on that green island, anxious to catch the waving of the perfumed handkerchief which was the first greeting he received. When the boat had grated over the sand, and was secured to the tree, then Estelle's arm was soon in his, and they were on their way to the smiling Madam De Landrie. But things could not go on thus always—gradually a change took place in Estelle's movements; when Frederic approached the island he was greeted by no friendly signal, and although Estelle had been out gazing with strained eyes to catch the first sight of his boat yet she awaited not his coming, and he was obliged to seek her in the house, where he found her apparently engrossed in sewing by her mother's side. This at first troubled Frederic, but one glance into her soul through her passionate eyes, told the happy young man, that it was not indifference or coldness which had changed her thus. He was young, and had no experience in affairs of the heart, but he read the heart of the artless Estelle, and saw that it was all his own. There was nothing romantic, no saving from fire or drowning, which brought out the grand declaration, but, seated together on the shore of that lonely lake, with the twilight throwing a softness over all the country, and the water gently rushing to their feet while perfumes, extracted by the dew, were floating around them, how could they talk of any thing else but love. Frederic found he had read the heart of Estelle aright, and visions of love and happiness together, filled their thoughts, and their conversation until reminded by the whip-poor-will that darkness had approached they directed their steps to the house. Madam Landrie was charmed that her daughter would be so well protected when her now waning life should be closed, and Mr. Warrington, after a hearty shake of Frederic's hand, sat down to write to his brother a statement of all that had occurred. An answer soon arrived, which although it contained a ready consent to the proposed marriage, yet threw a terrible blight over poor Frederic's happy prospects, and plunged him into the deepest sorrow. Mr. Morton's health had been long declining, but lately he had become so ill, that his physician told him a warm climate was the only thing that could arrest the rapid progress of his disorder. He was sorry, he said, to mar his dear Frederic's happiness, but go he must, and soon, and should expect his son in a few days to sail with him for the West Indies. Poor Frederic!—he had often been told that unlimited happiness was not to be found on this earth, that pleasure was often succeeded by pain, and as he called it, "all that sort of thing," but he had applied this to others rather than himself, or perhaps had not thought much about the matter, but now, when he had been so intensely happy, and had looked forward to such days of felicity with his chosen one, to awake and find himself bidding her adieu, perhaps for years—and to see a beloved father suffering and it might be dying far from home, now indeed the uncertainty of human joys, came like a blighted chill to his heart, and he too, could truly say, that unmixed

happiness, was not the lot of any here. Tears, bitter, silent tears, rushed over his face, when he pressed Estelle to his heart, for the last time, and with promises of unaltered love, and hearts full of misery Frederic and Estelle parted.

Frederic spent the first hours after the ship had sailed through the narrows with his father in the cabin, and, when he again went on deck, he found they were far out at sea, and had lost sight of the land; his soul was filled with awe and wonder at the singular and sublime prospect. This soon subsided to proud triumph, in the ingenuity of man, as he gazed at the sturdy sides of the vessel, which could repel the ocean waves, and the towering masts, and sails which made the winds of heaven subservient to their will. The image of Estelle came with a rush of agony to his heart, and when he thought of the years that might pass ere he beheld her again, he was obliged to seek his state room to conceal his powerful emotions.

Mr. Morton bore the voyage very well, and after a winter spent at Santa Croix, he felt well enough to travel; Frederic hoped he now would think of home but Mr. Morton never was a man to consult another's happiness before his own, and was not likely to do it now that he was old and sick; he therefore, with his disconsolate son, sailed the next summer for Marseilles, where he spent another winter, and finally after two years travelling in Italy, he died in the arms of his sorrowing son in Florence. Frederic's grief was deep, but his father's sufferings reconciled him to his death, and time, the consoler, softened his grief, down to that gentle melancholy, which, the remembrance of those we have loved, and lost, causes to hang around the heart until death. Mr. Morton's affairs were at last settled, and Frederic sat out to bid his Florence friends adieu. The last he visited was a Monsieur Barillon, a French gentleman who lived in a pleasant villa on the banks of the Arno. This gentleman had before mentioned he had some relations living in America, and now, with many apologies, he put a letter in Frederic's hand, begging him to send it to his sister when he arrived in America. This, Frederic readily promised to do, and as he spoke his eye fell on the letter, where, much to his amazement, he read the name of Madam Landrie of Lake Champlain. Frederic gazed at the letter and at Mr. Barillon quite bewildered, supposing at first that the name always in his heart, must have been placed there by his imagination—he looked again, "what!" he exclaimed, "is Madam Landrie of Lake Champlain your sister?" "Certainly Monsieur." "And Estelle your niece?" "What, you know them then?" "Know them! yes indeed," exclaimed young Morton; and why did not my heart tell me you were Estelle's uncle, oh, how many delightful conversations we might have had about them!" Mr. Barillon laughed—"It is singular I have never mentioned their names, but America is such a wide country I did not imagine you had met them. But come, set down, and tell me all about them. The *all* was soon told, and Monsieur Barillon was glad to find his niece had chosen so fine a young man as Frederic Morton. He had written to urge his sister and niece to come and live with him as he was very lonely, and now that he understood the situation of Frederic and Estelle, he begged him to return, marry her, and bring

her to Italy. His last declining years would then be blessed by the society of those so dear to him, and after his death, his large fortune should be left to them. Soon after this, Frederic bade Monsieur Barillon adieu, and sailed for Marseilles; here he was obliged to remain some weeks to arrange some business of his father's, and gave the letter of Monsieur Barillon to a friend who was going immediately to America that they might have time to arrange their affairs, but did not write himself as he wished to surprise them. The next day being Sunday, Frederic sat out to go to church, as he was passing a fashionable church, he saw before him just ascending the steps a young lady, whose graceful form seemed to attract all eyes. At that moment two young men passed and one looking at the young lady said, "that girl, with the black lace pelerine is the beautiful Mademoiselle Landrie,"—surprised at hearing that name, Frederic determined to see the face of the owner of the name so dear to him, when to his utter astonishment he found himself before Estelle! Completely overwhelmed, he at first could not speak, but recovering himself he exclaimed, "can I trust my eyes!—are you really Mademoiselle Landrie, dearest Estelle, how rejoiced I am to meet you; how came you here?—but no matter, you have saved me a long journey, and your uncle Barillon will be so glad to see you so soon." "How you run on!" exclaimed the old lady who accompanied Estelle, "do you not see Mademoiselle Landrie is so overcome she cannot speak, and see—we are in the church and all the world are observing us, come to my house, Rue Blank No. 15, after church." So saying she hurried the apparently stupified girl in the church; Frederic followed, but the crowd was so great, he soon lost sight of her, and cursing the old woman, and wondering how Estelle could leave him so soon, he left the church. This sudden meeting surprised Frederic, as, but the day before, he received a letter from Estelle, saying her mother was dead, and she had now no protector but his uncle. "Am I not in one of my daily reveries," said Frederic, "or deceived by a resemblance, but no, there is Estelle's face, her peculiar face, and uncommon bright dark eyes—and then her name, and pshaw! did they not own they were what I thought them!" After church Frederic called at Rue B——, and found the old lady alone, who called herself Madame De Valcour. She said Estelle had been so overcome with the agitation of the meeting that she had forced her to lay down, but that she was now coming in a few minutes. "In the meantime," said she, "tell me all about her uncle Mr. Barillon, and every thing you have to relate, and then you shall know how we come here." To tell her all was not so easy, as she not only asked him questions about Monsieur Barillon, but about Madame Landrie, about Estelle, and his first acquaintance, and engagement with her, until Frederic heartily wished her at the bottom of the Mediterranean. When she had learned all she wished to know, she told him that travelling from Canada to New York, she had stopped to see her old friend Madame Landrie, whom she found dying; she conjured her to take Estelle to Italy, to her uncle Barillon and they were now on their way there. Frederic was much grieved to hear of the death of the excellent Madame Landrie, but the entrance of Estelle put every other

thought to flight. She was a little altered, but that might be expected, as he had not seen her for four years—she had grown taller and had more color, but to Frederic's eyes was more beautiful than ever. In a few days they all left Marseilles and were soon in Florence. Mr. Barillon declared his niece an angel, she did not at all resemble his sister, he said, but was the express image of her father, Monsieur Landrie. For some time after their arrival, Mr. Barillon saw no company in compliment to the memory of his sister, but after that, all was mirth and festivity; Estelle was said to be the most beautiful girl in Florence, and Frederic was surprised and hurt to see with what pleasure she entered into all the gaiety of the city. Her rusticity seemed to have left her entirely, and he was often forced to see that she would much rather dance with the young Florentines who fluttered around her, than sit and talk with him. But it was nature, he said—she was young, had been brought up in the silence and solitude, of an American forest, and when the world burst on her in all its splendor it was not to be wondered at, that she should at first be dazzled. She would get over it soon, and when they were married, she would no doubt be all she had been before—But Estelle seemed to be more and more fascinated with the enchantments around her; she was admired by all who saw her—rich, and beautiful, and accomplished, she attracted all eyes. Her singing was delightful, and her dancing charming; this puzzled Frederic—he knew her mother had taught her to dance, and he had seen her waltz with Fanchon their servant, but her wonderful improvement astonished him. "Now," to borrow the words of an American writer, "with inimitable grace, she floated like a spirit, charming all souls to silence." But Frederic often turned from her brilliancy, and wished they had neither of them left the shores of America. All his dreams of domestic happiness had vanished; she was too gay. The soul, and feeling, which used to delight him so much, had all been worn away by coming in contact with the world so that when the marriage day was at last named, although he quitted Estelle with expressions of pleasure, yet in his heart, he felt the miserable consciousness that they neither of them loved as they had once loved. The public betrothment had taken place some time since, and at last the bridal day approached. The evening before the wedding was,

"One of those ambrosial eves
A day of storm so often leaves."

When Frederic arrived at Mr. Barillon's, it was just after sunset, and he found them in the balcony which overhung the garden, enjoying the cool evening breeze, which came to them loaded with the fragrance which the late showers had shaken from the blossoms. Frederic found Estelle leaning over the marble railing, endeavoring to throw a flower over the garden wall to a young Florentine gentleman, whom he knew to be one of Estelle's warmest admirers. At his appearance the Florentine vanished, and Estelle threw the flower into the garden, carelessly singing an opera air. Frederic was vexed, and just going to express his displeasure, when a servant came on the balcony, and told Mr. Barillon two ladies from America wished to see him.

"What are their names, he said." "Mrs. Barclay, and Mademoiselle Landrie of Lake Champlain," "Landrie of Lake Champlain! why that's very singular." "Some imposition! take my word for it," said Mrs. Valcour, "or rather" said Frederic smiling, "two Dromio's." He turned to Estelle, but she did not laugh; her eyes were fixed wildly on Madame De Valcour, her hands clasped and her whole attitude expressed terror.

"Dear child," said the old lady—"do not fear the impostor, she cannot injure you." Frederic softened by her distress, led her to a seat and with his arm around her waist, pressed her to him and endeavored to soothe her agitation. At that moment the door opened, and the two ladies appeared. Frederic started up—"Estelle! my own Estelle!" he cried. Every one gazed in astonishment for there stood a young girl the counterpart of Frederic's bride! she not only possessed her name, but there were her features, and her form, and had not Mademoiselle Landrie been at the other end of the terrace among the jasmins, they would all have thought the young girl at the door to be her. The old lady advanced, but the first glance of the younger had fallen on Frederic, as he sat tenderly supporting that beautiful girl. She stopped, and pale and motionless as the marble statue beside her, she remained with her eyes fixed on the youthful lovers. "Did I understand the servant aright," said Mr. Barillon, "do you call yourself Mademoiselle Landrie?" the young lady bowed, but Mrs. Barclay answered, "Yes sir, that is her name, and she is your niece from America." "My niece! pray how may she be related." "That's a singular question sir—did you not write for her to come to you; she is the daughter of Monsieur and Madame Landrie of Lake Champlain; it is very surprising we should have to explain ourselves thus." "I should be very happy to call so pretty a young lady niece, but it cannot be madam. That is my niece, Mademoiselle Landrie, who has lately arrived from America. My sister had but one child, and from her likeness to Mr. Landrie, I know her to be his child." "She is certainly like him," said Mrs. Barclay, but she is not your sister's daughter." Madame Valcour now came bustling forward; "your story madam will not impose on us, and I advise you to be gone; Mr. Barillon, how can you listen to such nonsense!—I dare say this girl's likeness to your niece Estelle, has induced her to trump up this story, how could Mr. Morton be deceived, he brought her here and introduced her as his affianced bride, and they are to be married to-morrow; it is not likely he could be deceived!" "Come Mrs. Barclay," said the young stranger turning to the door, I can listen to this no longer, take me back to my island—oh, that I had never left it!" and with one wild sob, she threw herself around the neck of Mrs. Barclay. Frederic, whose conviction, the moment he saw her was that she was his own Estelle, had sat unable to speak or move, so completely was he overwhelmed with astonishment, remorse, and shame at having been so deceived, and at having deserted his lovely Estelle. He however now started up. "Mr. Barillon! ladies! this is indeed Mademoiselle Landrie whom I knew in America." He was rushing towards her when Mr. Barillon stepped before him—"Stay young man," he said; "you have been deceived

once you say, and may be again; I must have farther proof before I can let you abandon that young lady." "There are proofs enough Monsieur," said Mrs. Barclay, "below in our trunks, such as letters and miniatures &c., we do not wish to force ourselves on any one. She went for the papers, and Frederic was passing on to Estelle when his bride threw her arms around his neck exclaiming, "oh Frederic, will you then abandon me! Can you say I am not your own Estelle! we were betrothed in the presence of half Florence, and you cannot, shall not leave me for another!" "Young lady," said the stranger, while the sweet, but melancholy tones of her voice touched all their hearts. "He shall not leave you—I at least will never be an obstacle to your happiness: whatever my claims are, they shall not be obtruded again, for to-morrow will see me on my way to America, and my lonely island. With a slight inclination of the head, she left the balcony. There was silence for a few minutes. At last Estelle proudly raised her head and said: "I will not be outdone in generosity! Dissimulation I abhor, although I have been persuaded to practice it. Frederic, that gentle creature must not be sacrificed! you are free! I give up all claims to your heart and hand." She rushed down the steps to the gardens, followed slowly by the alarmed Madame De Valcour, and Mr. Barillon and Frederic were left face to face. "Well young man" said the former, "you are in a sorry plight—engaged to two ladies it seems, but scorned by both—but if all your lady loves are flown, I at least cannot afford to lose my niece; there has been dissimulation some where, and I must sift this affair to the bottom." The papers and miniatures which Mrs. Barclay produced, completely established the truth of her story, and Mademoiselle Landrie was folded in her uncle's arms, with tears of pleasure. But who the other young girl could be, who bore so astonishing a resemblance to Estelle, still remained a mystery. While they were discussing the matter, Madame De Valcour rushed in the house wildly exclaiming, "my daughter! my daughter! she's gone, she's lost forever!" "Your daughter," said Mr. Barillon, "who is your daughter." "Oh I can deceive no longer!" said the wretched old lady; Estelle your niece?—she is my daughter, my own Josephine, and my wickedness has brought this upon me." "Wretch! explain yourself, or I shall deliver you to the authorities of the city as an impostor." "Oh Monsieur!" she exclaimed completely subdued—pardon me and I will tell all; she is not your niece, but is indeed the daughter of Monsieur Landrie, and sister to that young lady there. Her father loved me, imposed a false marriage on me, and when he left me and my infant, and married your sister, then my love was turned to bitterness, and I vowed vengeance, yes! vengeance," she exclaimed passionately, "kept me alive from day to day; but they went to America and eluded me. I was always called by his name, and that helped to deceive young Morton. But great was my joy when we met him in Marseilles, and knew by his words that Josephine was taken for Landrie's daughter. Then the plot to substitute her for her sister, as your niece, and at once establish her in life, and be revenged on Landrie, came across my brain, and it succeeded. My poor Josephine was at first very unwilling, but she

obeyed her mother, and now she is lost to me forever." The old lady wept bitterly. "Where is she," said Mr. Barillon. "Alas, she cursed me!—bade me adieu forever, and threw herself into the arms of that profligate young Florentine, who is always near the house and they are now far away from Florence." In consideration of her afflictions, Mr. Barillon forgave the old woman; he gave her a small sum of money and desired her to leave the house, which command, with thanks and curses mixed, she soon obeyed. How it was possible for Frederic to have been so deceived, may seem very strange, but when it is remembered that he had been four years absent, had lived in a land where the scenery and people were all different from those he had left, (which all help to lose the peculiarities of that we came from,) it will not be so much wondered at. Time and distance had obliterated the fine shades of the picture, which memory presented and the outlines only remained. When he saw one, the exact image of her he had left, and who owned herself the same, the idea of imposture never entered his head; she was a little different from the Estelle he had left four years since, but this he imputed to time which alters every body. When we think of these things afterwards, we remember much which might have undeceived us, but which then passed unnoticed. Frederic now recollected she was very unwilling to talk of the days when they were together at the island: often when he commenced a conversation of their first acquaintance and their adventures on the lake, she would run away, exclaiming, she wished not to be reminded that she was once such a wild rustic. When he asked her to sing some of the songs she had sung to him at home, she would begin a fashionable air, which she declared excelled them all. These caprices he sat down to levity and want of heart, and soon ceased all allusion to what he used to call their happy days in America. All this was explained over and over, to Estelle, and at last peace was declared between them, and in the course of time they were married. Frederic often shuddered to think, how near he had been to losing Estelle, and he probably never would have seen her now, had he not forwarded those letters of Monsieur Barillon from Marseilles before he met her treacherous half sister.

That sister Estelle never saw again; she had been abandoned by her lover, and soon after joined her mother, and were only saved from utter poverty by the generosity of Mrs. Morton.

New York, August, 1834.

THE HAUNTED CASTLE.

Who that has ever heard, has not loved the soft, low, spirit-like melody of the *Æolian* harp? Who has not listened with a thrilling delight to its tones, as they swell on the ear in full, rich strains, and then die away gradually, as the fingers of the breeze sweep more lightly over its strings, into a murmur, which at length becomes scarce distinguishable from the breathings of the zephyrs itself? The gentle tones seem like the vibrations of the *heart*, when the hand of memory lightly touches its strings, awakening notes of the long-forgotten music of days gone by.

It was during the autumn of 18—, that I was travelling with a few friends, in the western part of England. 'The melancholy days had come,' *not* to me 'the *saddest* of the year,' for though, indeed, they do possess a sadness, it is a melancholy which steals over the soul with a sweet and gentle influence, like the music of the *Æolian* harp. At the time of which I am speaking, the season was unusually sad, and the appearance of earth and sky melancholy in the extreme; indeed, such was the aspect of the scene, that many would have applied to it, without hesitation, the epithet of *dreary*; yet, mournful as it was, it had its charms for my imagination. The harvests had all been gathered in, and the fields, late so bright with luxuriant vegetation, now looked shorn, naked, and desolate. The song of the reaper was heard among them no more.

The *frost* had commenced his work, that invariable herald of winter, who comes to prepare the way on this sad earth for the reception of the cold, stern monarch, the destroyer of every thing that nature has of lovely and delicate in her stores.

A succession of the nocturnal visits of this forerunner of winter had completely robbed the forest of its rich green mantle, the gift of summer; the leaves were strewed over the forest paths, beneath the lofty arches of the naked boughs which they once clothed so beautifully, as if to prepare a couch, where the snow-flakes of the coming winter might rest their delicate forms.

And the November wind howled mournfully among the desolate branches, as if it chanted a requiem to the spirits of the departed leaves. I contrasted this scene, where desolation seemed to preside, with the very different aspect which the same season imparts to my own bright land, whose shores I had left far, far over the Atlantic wave. I thought of our sunny, cloudless skies, the splendid varieties of shades in our autumn woods; in short, all the thousand beauties of the *Indian summer*, there the loveliest season of the whole year. I sighed when I beheld the contrast so unfavorable to the present, but which caused me to look back with a mournful pleasure on the past.

We had been travelling all day through a country, which, though generally interesting to the stranger, certainly did not appear very much so at this time, seen as it was by the unfavorable light of a November sky. I was fatigued, and the mournful aspect of all around had communicated itself to my spirits. The air was growing more and more chilly as the evening approached; the sun, which had been playing at bo-peep between the clouds all day, had now put an end to his frolics by hiding himself completely behind the western hills.

The wind sighed mournfully, and the sky wore a dark frown, as if warning the earth of an approaching storm. With this comfortless aspect of every thing without doors, it was no wonder that we wished to forsake the open air, and seek warmth, shelter and repose by some bright blazing fireside. We did, indeed, hail with joy the first indications that the habitations of men were near.

We were slowly ascending a hill, when the first smoke which had cheered our eyes for many miles, was seen curling gracefully up from some bright cottage hearth. On arriving at the summit, the village, for which we had long looked impatiently, now lay in calm beauty at our feet. This quiet little hamlet was situated in a spot which nature seemed to have designed for the purpose to which it was now appropriated. It was a small valley, fenced round by a barrier of hills, or rather scooped out, as it were, among them. The cottages which composed it were not numerous, but the air of neatness, order, and simple beauty which seemed to preside over each one, silently spoke the praise of its inmates. In short, to the whole village in general, as to each individual cottage, might be applied, in the fullest extent of its signification, that word, so expressive to English and American ears, *comfort*.

Every thing promised good accommodations for the night, and we congratulated ourselves and each other on the prospect of soon being under shelter from the weather, which was now fast growing more and more uncomfortable.

But as we slowly descended the hill, I could not help noticing a wildness and sublimity in the scenery around, which contrasted strangely, though beautifully, with the quiet, gentle loveliness of the village itself. The towering, rugged forms of the mountains frowned darkly upon it, as if threatening to loose some fragment of the rock which clung to their sides, and crush the humble dwellings beneath them ; still they slept on in peaceful serenity, like a cluster of delicate flowers springing beneath the shade of some dark pine, regardless of its sombre, frowning aspect, so long as it afforded shelter from the winds and storms.

I was musing on this contrast, when our carriage stopped at the village inn, a neat looking establishment, whose tall, broad *sign* we had remarked on entering the village. We alighted, and were soon very comfortably seated around a large and brightly blazing fire. Our landlord was a short, round-faced little personage, whose appearance denoted any thing but abstinence from the good cheer in which his house abounded. He was good-natured and obliging, and scrupulously attentive to the accommodation of his visitors. Our supper was soon prepared, and an excellent one it was. After the cloth was removed, we again assembled around the fire, to discuss the adventures of the day, before we bid each other 'good-night.'

We were scarcely seated, when our landlord entered with an expression of alarm on his merry countenance, and saying in a voice, suppressed by superstitious dread to a low murmur, 'The spirit of the castle is chanting her vesper hymn !' There was a universal start as he pronounced these strange words, and we all united in demanding an explanation. Mine host complied very readily, glad to find employment for his tongue ; so, having comfortably settled himself in one corner of the spacious fire-place, he began his tale.

The amount of the various circumlocutions which he made in narrating, was simply this. There was an ancient, ruined castle on the outskirts of the village, some relic of the glorious age of chivalry, and often, when the evening came on and the moon was up, (particularly if the *wind* was high,) the lonely passenger, in passing its deserted battlements, would hear strains

of wild music, so strange, so unearthly in its tones, that the superstitious villagers universally and firmly believed it to be a *spirit's* voice, the spirit of some ancient inhabitant of the castle, which had returned to the halls of its ancestors, to sing dirges over the desolation which reigned there, in place of the pride and magnificence of former days. The castle then was *haunted*, as all ruined castles are at the present day, and so strongly was this belief impressed on the minds of the villagers, that the bravest youth among them could not have been induced, by any promises of reward or benefit, to pass by its gloomy towers after dark. Such was the sum and substance of our landlord's story.

During the narrative, I had stolen to the window, to discover, if possible, the subject of the tale. The moon was up, but shining with a fitful, unsteady light, for the masses of clouds, which had been collecting all day, had not dispersed, but were only broken by the wind, that now blew violently, and they were hurrying rapidly athwart the sky. Sometimes the moon would be partially eclipsed, and often totally eclipsed for a moment, and then again she would break forth in all the glory of her calm pale light, brighter, as it would seem, from her momentary obscuration.

At the moment when I looked out upon her, she had just emerged from an ocean of clouds, and was shining out in all her calm, cold majesty. The light fell directly upon a dark eminence on the opposite side of the village, and disclosed to me the object of my search. There it stood, the majestic relic of other days; its lofty towers and battlements frowning darkly and mysteriously in the moonlight, and its massive walls casting an ominous shade on all around. I was gazing intently on this singular and interesting object, and allowing my imagination to carry me back through all the various and multiplied changes which had passed over the earth, since its walls were first reared in the pride of their owners, when I was recalled to myself and the fireside, by the voice of one of my companions, demanding my assent to a plan which they had been forming with the landlord, for visiting and exploring the wonderful castle on the following morning. I, of course, most readily and joyfully gave my vote, and we soon left the fireside for our chambers, to prepare for the intended expedition.

The next morning, so soon as the important affair of break-

fast was over, we sat out, with our merry landlord acting as guide. The morning was bright and clear, and tolerably warm for the season, for the wind had dispersed the clouds, and the sun shone out with unclouded brilliancy. The mists were yet curling slowly along the mountains, like wreaths of new-fallen snow, the dew was still on the grass, and the turf sparkled like a jewelled carpet beneath our feet.

It was, indeed, a lovely, a glorious morning, and we all expressed our astonishment at the entire and delightful change which the warm touch of sunshine had produced on the landscape, whose dreariness we had all remarked the night before. It was like the first dawn of Religion's glorious light upon the *mind*, imparting a tenfold brilliancy to its original charms, and causing new beauties to spring up, as at the touch of the magician's wand, which it had never before possessed.

A short walk through the village brought us to the foot of the hill on which the castle stood. The ascent was effected with some difficulty, for the hill was steep, rugged, and, to our unpractised feet, often almost inaccessible. It seemed the very place where some proud baron of the middle age would have chosen, to plant his strong hold. At length, after much toil, we arrived under the walls of the castle, and opposite the massive iron gate with its attendant draw-bridge. But the massive gate remained unturned on its rusty hinges, and the heavy bridge rested undisturbed in its fastenings; they were both equally useless now, for the place of the latter was supplied by a strong plank, which some one had thrown across the broad, deep moat, the waters of which had given place to the briars and weeds which sprang luxuriantly from its slimy bottom; and the hand of time had made a breach in these walls, which the feeble strength of man could not shake, and through this aperture we all passed into the court-yard, over a path of loose stones, which, in falling from the crumbling walls, had become embedded and interwoven among the briars and long grass beneath them. Here we paused to examine the exterior of the castle, before we proceeded to explore its mysterious interior. Its appearance was similar to that of all those mouldering monuments of feudal power and feudal tyranny, which are to be seen at the present day, except that it looked more cold, bleak and desolate. No vestiges of man remained; it seemed, indeed, the relic not only of another age, but almost of

another world and a different race, so contrasted was it with all around, except, indeed, the barren, desolate hill on which it rested. It had been entirely uninhabited, save by owls and foxes, which came to hold their nightly concerts among its solitary towers, since the last of that proud race, who once called themselves its lords, had been gathered to his fathers; for the story of its being haunted, had deterred even the meanest peasant from seeking a shelter and a home within its gloomy walls, or rekindling the fires on its long deserted hearths.

It was left for time, with his attendants, ruin and desolation, alone to inhabit; and they had exercised full sway. Its lofty towers were fast yielding to their death-like touch, for stone after stone was loosened from their mouldering sides, and added to the pile which was gradually collecting at their base; and the ivy still madly clung to them with her close embrace, as if resolved to share the fall of those she could not save.

A strange feeling of superstitious awe stole over my mind, in spite of my efforts to drive it away, as I looked on this scene of desolation: the same chilling, dampening influence seemed to have pervaded the spirits of our whole party; for conversation, which, at our first setting out, had been very lively, gradually lost all its vivacity, and at length had died away entirely; even our merry, talkative landlord, who had amused us all the way to the base of the mountain, with his quaint remarks, lively jests, and, more than all, with affording us a traditionary history of the castle and its former inmates, seemed to have a spell upon his tongue, as we approached the *haunted* premises.

We crossed the court-yard in silence, for each one had been too much wrapped up in his own thoughts, to communicate them to his companions; and we had mechanically followed our guide, until we almost unconsciously passed through the Gothic arched door, and on awakening from our reverie, found ourselves in the great hall of the castle. The aspect of this, too, spoke of ruin and death, and corresponded well with the exterior.

The tapestry hung in torn strips from the ceiling, and a few pieces of old rusty armor was displayed along the walls, reminding, more forcibly than ever, of the age to which the castle belonged. The long Gothic windows were almost paneless, and the broken glass was strewn about the floor beneath them. The ingenious spider had hung his gossamer curtains along their

empty sashes, and there it hung in graceful folds, like tapestry woven by the fairy fingers of some gentle child of air, who would fain have concealed, with this thin veil, the traces of time's rough hand.

The breeze had just awakened from his cradle in the mist, and descended from the mountain's brow, shaking the dew-drops from his wings as he passed, and stealing the fragrance from every flower in his path, to add to his rich load of perfume; and now he had found his way through the broken sashes of the old hall, and was fluttering in the delicate folds of their gauze-like tapestry.

We left the deserted hall, and passed through a suite of apartments, as cold and desolate as that ; we climbed the abrupt, spiral stair-cases, and explored the dark interior of those towers which had frowned so darkly upon us from without; we looked through their narrow windows, out on the bright little village, with its smiling cottages and look of quiet loveliness, more sweet from contrast. It was like being shut up within the smoky, confined walls of a noisy, crowded city, and gazing on some beautiful panorama of the bright scenes of the country, more beautiful, because unreal.

At length, in our wanderings, we discovered the chapel of the castle. Here, time himself seemed to have been awed, and to have passed his withering hand more lightly over the hallowed spot. The stained glass of the windows was yet perfect, and the sun shone dimly through, casting rainbow shadows on the marble floor; but the altar was desolate, and the cross lay broken on the ground by its side.

We were examining this apartment with more interest than we had done any of the preceding, when suddenly we all paused in our course around the room, and stood statue-like, gazing at each other, for a strain of low music, so low as to be hardly perceptible, had been breathed on the air. It ceased ; we listened intently to catch the sounds again ; for some moments our expectations were disappointed ; nought was heard, save the rustling of the old tapestry, as the wind played among its folds, and we had almost begun to consider it the creation of our fancies, excited as they had been by the tale of the last night, when again it came, in strains more full and rich, and yet as spirit-like as before. The tones were so unearthly, so much like voices from the spirit-land, that we stood for a moment spell-

bound. At length, the oldest of our party moved towards the spot whence the sounds proceeded. He raised a part of the dark tapestry, and disclosed to our view an open window which we had not before observed ; and here had been placed, probably by the hand of some former inhabitant of the castle, an *Æolian harp*.

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